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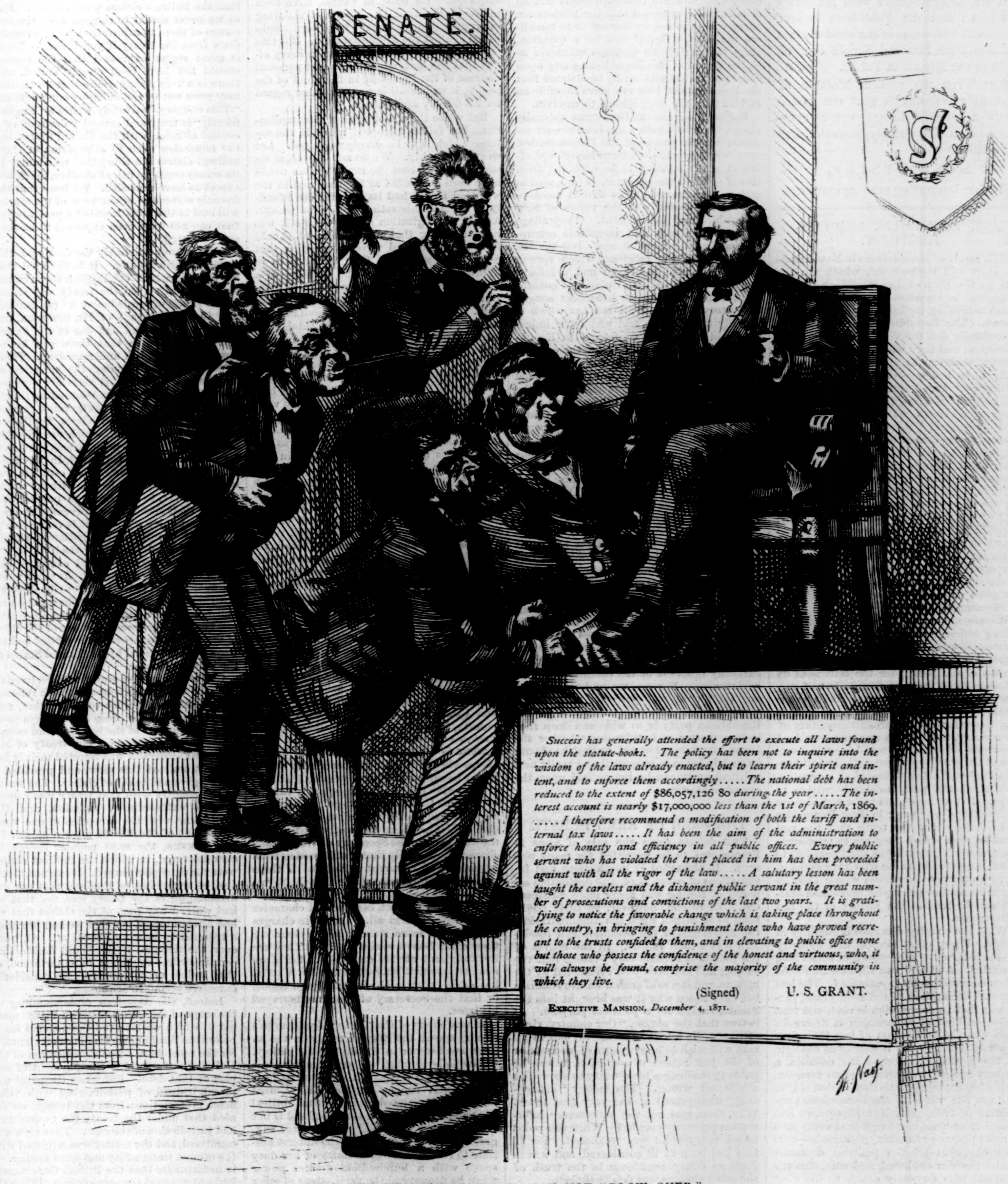

Success has generally attended the effort to execute all laws found upon the statute-books. The policy has been not to inquire into the wisdom of the laws already enacted, but to learn their spirit and intent, and to enforce them accordingly.....The national debt has been reduced to the extent of $86,057,126 80 *during the year.....The interest account is nearly* $17,000,000 *less than the* 1st *of March,* 1869. *.....I therefore recommend a modification of both the tariff and internal tax laws.....It has been the aim of the administration to enforce honesty and efficiency in all public offices. Every public servant who has violated the trust placed in him has been proceeded against with all the rigor of the law.....A salutary lesson has been taught the careless and the dishonest public servant in the great number of prosecutions and convictions of the last two years. It is gratifying to notice the favorable change which is taking place throughout the country, in bringing to punishment those who have proved recreant to the trusts confided to them, and in elevating to public office none but those who possess the confidence of the honest and virtuous, who, it will always be found, comprise the majority of the community in which they live.*

(Signed) U. S. GRANT.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, *December* 4, 1871.

WHAT THE SENATORIAL CABAL CAN NOT "BLOW OVER."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 16, 1872.

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DORÉ'S LONDON

in Monthly Eight-page Supplements to the Weekly, each containing many Magnificent Illustrations by the greatest master of the picturesque, accompanied with interesting and thrilling sketches of London life prepared by Blanchard Jerrold. This splendid work, which is published in London at the price of two dollars a number, will be sent out gratuitously with Harper's Weekly; and the Publishers believe that it will prove one of the most elegant and attractive Pictorial Serials ever offered to the American Public.

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MINE OYSTER,

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NEW HAMPSHIRE AND CONNECTICUT.

THE result of the elections in New Hampshire and Connecticut, which are the first in the year of the Presidential campaign, will be regarded with profound interest, as indicating the tendency of public sentiment. The Republicans in those States undoubtedly feel the very great importance of success; and they will, we hope, show the country that the fires of division in their party have not consumed patriotism and good sense. For, despite all the angry quarrels and loud debates, the political issue of this year is very simple, and ought not to be misapprehended. Nobody should suppose because of the contentions among Republicans, which have silenced the voice of the enemy, that there is no enemy, nor that his designs are not as suspicious as ever. The attitude of the Democratic Senators watching the Republican battle in the Senate is that of the Democratic party watching the Republican feud in the country. The placid aspect of Mr. Thurman as he hears Mr. Trumbull assail Mr. Conkling, or Mr. Morton denounce Mr. Schurz, is but the type of the smile of all Democrats as they read the gibes of the *Tribune* at the Republican Administration and its friends.

We are not surprised at the warmth of feeling which the supporters of the Administration display toward those Republicans whom they believe to be hazarding the success of the party; for the criticisms do not seem to be those of friends, but of enemies. They are apparently aimed at a candidate rather than at an evil. Nor is it easy to see how, in the present condition of the country, hostility to any man can lead honorable Republicans to endanger the success of the party by insisting that at all hazards they will attempt to defeat a nomination which the party evidently wishes to make. But these clouds must not obscure to the eyes of any voter in New Hampshire or in Connecticut the truth that the real question upon which they are to pronounce is whether the government shall continue to be administered by those who have saved it, or to be intrusted to those whose theories deride its noblest principles, and whose practice can be read in the history of the last thirty years.

What the country demands is stability in policy. Every great interest and industry wishes to have the assurance that something is settled. And how can that assurance be given so surely as by experience? The last national declaration of the Democratic party was that reconstruction is void, and that a certain kind of repudiation is desirable. This was the declaration of less than four years ago; but to-day it sounds as obsolete as the British cry against the colonies, a century ago, that taxation was no tyranny. Doubtless the Democratic Convention of 1872 will eat the words of the Democratic Convention of 1868. But New Hampshire and Connecticut must not forget that every man—and they are an imposing multitude—who still cherishes all the political doctrines which the war exploded, and who, like the Jacobite who fervently drank to the king over the water, still fosters a hope of the lost cause—that all the disaffected, and the Ku-Klux, and the Ku-Klux apologists, watch and pray for a Republican defeat.

Nor ought the voters in New Hampshire and Connecticut to be cajoled by the assertion that the old issues are settled, and that it is ridiculous to insist upon fighting the war over again. The old issues are settled if the people resolve that they shall be settled, but not otherwise. Honesty and efficiency of administration are, indeed, every where, and most rightfully, demanded. But it is administration upon the principles and policy of the party of the Union and liberty. Are those principles more sincerely held by Democrats than by Republicans? Or is it to be expected that a party which is traditionally opposed to them will administer the government in accordance with them more honestly and efficiently than it would be administered by their friends? There are Democrats who, having cheered themselves hoarse in 1868 in declaring reconstruction revolutionary and void, and who, having resisted the policy of equal civil and political rights at every step, now ask contemptuously whether it is really supposed that the Democratic party wishes to restore slavery or to repudiate the debt. But if that be a question, there is certainly no question whatever as to the action of the Republican party upon those points. It will hardly be claimed that the Democrats of 1868 are more Republican in 1872 than the Republicans themselves.

But assuming, as the Democrats naturally allege, that their policy has been utterly rejected by the people of the United States, upon what grounds is a more honest and efficient administration to be expected from them? This, we presume, is a question which Democratic orators find it hard to answer satisfactorily to the voters of New Hampshire and Connecticut. They allege enormous taxation and incredible corruption against the Republicans. But the tax grows out of the rebellion, which sprang from Democratic principles and practices, and it is the price of a Union and government which Democratic influences sought to destroy. Moreover, it is a tax which is steadily diminishing, and under the industrial and mercantile confidence in Republican ascendency the ability of the country to meet it increases wonderfully every day. Have the Democratic orators yet persuaded New Hampshire and Connecticut that the corruption is fostered by Republican principles, or that the honesty of the Democratic party is greater than that of its opponent? Indeed, is their argument more than an ingenious exaggeration of the imperfections which must be necessarily found under every Administration, and a lavish promise of the miracles of economy which the Democratic party would work if it could only have a chance?

Against the simple facts of the political situation it is not likely that the argument drawn from the Republican contest about Presidential candidates will be very effectively urged. If any man is more anxious to defeat the renomination of the President than to secure the success of the Republican party, he is lost to a high sense of patriotic duty. Or if any man supposes that great and desirable political results can be attained in this country without parties, he is curiously ignorant of the conditions of free government. Nor can we understand that any intelligent and patriotic man should really suppose that the corruption of the Republican party is so wide and deep that it is a matter of indifference whether the Democrats succeed or not, or that he should be so deluded as to suppose that a really new political party can be improvised upon the eve of an election.

THE SALE OF ARMS DEBATE.

THE debate upon the sale of arms to France was to be regretted for many reasons. It abounded in implications and insinuations of every kind, and deplorable asperity of feeling was never more conspicuous. There can, however, be little doubt that, as an attack upon the Administration, the movement of the preamble and resolution was a total failure. In the course of the debate it became very evident that the subject had not been well considered by the movers, and it was of such a nature that it is not easy to see why it was brought into the Senate, except for a political purpose. It is true that the phrase, "Our country, right or wrong," is a barbarous motto; but every man will wish to be very sure of his facts, or of the just reason of suspicion, before he publicly challenges his country to show that she is not wrong. The money "discrepancy" disappeared at the very first touch. Why, then, was not the satisfactory information privately sought? When this point failed, every point was weakened. For if this had been so ill considered, and was in itself so flimsy, confidence in the truth of the other charges was fatally shaken.

Then the Secretary of War, a gentleman of the most spotless character, was promptly acquitted of offense by those who urged the inquiry. But the secretary was the responsible agent of the Government under the law authorizing the sale, and if he were blameless, how could the Government be charged with violation of neutral duties? Moreover, there can be no question of the right of the Government, which the United States have always asserted in the interest of neutrals, to sell arms in the open market. Indeed, it is not acknowledged that it may not sell to agents of belligerents upon equal terms. But in this case it refused to sell to known agents, and it certainly was not bound to an inquiry into the possible ultimate disposition of the arms sold. The head of the department being confessedly blameless, the transaction, so far as the Government is concerned, was fully vindicated. There may have been sticky intermediary hands, but they can not justify such grave charges against the honor of the Government. As for the President, he appears in this, as in all the other suggested inquiries, absolutely without the touch of suspicion. He must, of course, have been indirectly involved, if a charge of violating international duties could have been established against the Administration. But this failure also will recoil, and, as with every effort that has been made to implant personal distrust of the President in the mind of the people, it will result in a still warmer regard for his fidelity and purity.

But while the attack with all its implications has failed, there was much in the defense which is to be deeply regretted. Let us speak frankly. We do not believe, as we said last week, that the investigation would have been demanded at the time and in the way that it was, had its movers been friendly to the Administration of General Grant. And in the irritation of hot debate it was not surprising that an amendment should have been proposed virtually alleging that Senators Sumner and Schurz had been in unlawful collusion with the emissary of a foreign Government to discredit their own. But if not surprising, it was very unfortunate. In the first place, it had inevitably the aspect of a threat of the most intolerable kind. The two Senators had moved for an investigation into what they alleged to be suspicious transactions of the Government. Undoubtedly they may have been politically biased in their action. But political bias is not a detestable offense, like collusion with a foreign power; and although such feelings carry men often further than they intend, it is ridiculous to suppose that such was the fact in this instance. The tyranny in England when Algernon Sidney lived may have seemed to many to justify dealings with a foreigner in the supposed interests of English liberty. But the mere suspicion of such collusion is the darkest charge against that English republican and political martyr. The amendment of which we speak had, therefore, the appearance, which we know perfectly well was its misfortune and not its intention, of a threat of fine and imprisonment leveled at two Senators for doing their duty. And this was the more unfortunate as it was proposed and supported by those who are distinctively called the friends of the Administration.

But it was still further unfortunate because of the character of the Senators at whom it was aimed. To ask any intelligent American citizen whether he believes that Charles Sumner, of all men in the country, has had unlawful dealings with a foreign emissary is to invite a smile. Mr. Schurz is a German by birth; and as the offense alleged was for the benefit of France, it may be supposed by some persons that love of his native land had unconsciously carried him further than he meant to go. But against all such suspicions, as against every suspicion which has been indirectly cast during the debate upon the Secretary of War, stands character. Happily that is still good against suspicion and apparent evidence. If there were fifty witnesses to swear that the Secretary of War had done an unmanly or a consciously unlawful act, his personal character would wither them all. There are charges that can no more stand against character than dried leaves against a fire. They are instantly and utterly consumed. Such are insinuations that Mr. Sumner or Mr. Schurz has dealt unlawfully with a foreign agent, or that the Secretary of War has betrayed his trust.

It was observed that during Mr. Sumner's closing speech the English minister was an attentive listener in the diplomatic gallery. "How jolly it must be," said one who was present, "for the English minister to hear Mr. Sumner suggesting that the United States have violated their neutral duties! The minister will think that England is not such a sinner after all." But it was suggested in reply that a man who did not hesitate to remind his own country of her duty spoke with a hundredfold greater power when he denounced the derelictions of other countries, for his words are then evidently inspired by regard for justice and peace, and by no lower motive. Yet, without questioning his motives, we must regret his action.

This attack is undoubtedly the last important assault that will be made by the anti-Administration Republicans to defeat the renomination of the President. The report can hardly disclose any important facts which have not appeared in the speeches; and this long debate, which was one of the most brilliant and bitter of recent years, has left the Republican party and its Administration stronger than before.

THE UNITED STATES AND ENGLAND.

THE unfortunate difference about the Treaty of Washington is the subject of correspondence for which every good citizen must wish a happy issue. The tone of the English press is much more moderate than that of Mr. Gladstone, although it is none the less firm. "It was understood," they say, "or we supposed it to be understood, that the indirect claims were waived. But as we never meant to concede even the reference of them to arbitration, we must withdraw from the treaty if you insist." There is great regret expressed that the matter should not have been clearly stated, and there is a very strong desire that no trouble may grow out of the unhappy complication. "This country," privately writes an English friend, "is truly and earnestly desirous of a cordial alliance with the United States, but the admission even to arbitration of these indirect claims is a thing that no country in its senses ought to ask of another, much less expect to have conceded. We hope that the friendly statement of our view of the matter will lead to the withdrawal of a presentation that can not have been expected to be seriously allowed."

This is unquestionably the deep and universal English feeling. It is declared that the sense in which the English Government accepted and signed the treaty was stated in the House of Lords before its ratification, and in the presence of Mr. Schenck, our minister in England and one of the American negotiators, so that there can be no doubt of the English understanding. There is no need of questioning the sincerity of this statement, but it is certainly very remarkable that such an understanding should have existed after the constant and consistent presentation of our views, finally expressed in the protocol, which records that at the opening of the negotiations the American negotiators stated "that, in the hope of an amicable settlement, no estimate was made of the indirect losses, without prejudice, however, to the right to indemnification on their account in the event of no such settlement being made." It is very remarkable that the English negotiators should have considered the treaty itself to be the "amicable settlement" of all causes of difference between the nations. At most, when the apology and round sum were declined by the English Commissioners, the treaty provided only for a means of amicable settlement of all those causes, and one of the chief of the disturbing points to be settled had always been described by the United States as the indirect claims.

Our understanding was, therefore, irresistible. We had made a treaty which referred the causes of difference to arbitration, and the most harassing cause had always been the consequences of the building and escape of the rebel privateers. The treaty of Mr. Reverdy Johnson was rejected mainly because it omitted this view, and provided a mere "give and take" of claims. The wrath of the country with that treaty was caused by this extraordinary omission, and the treaty was, with the exception of one vote, thrust out of the Senate after a speech by Mr. Sumner, the most popular speech he ever delivered, in which the indirect claims were the chief point urged. It can not, therefore, be surprising to England that our understanding of the treaty was, not that we had waived any part of the claims that we had always urged, but that we had provided a tribunal to hear and settle all. If, however, the tribunal itself should decide that certain claims could not be entertained, or that it had no jurisdiction, we considered ourselves bound to acquiesce.

Indeed, the American understanding of the scope of the treaty is shown by the manner in which we received the demand made before the Washington Commission virtually for the rebel debt. The Constitution of the United States forbids the payment of any part of that debt. But when the point was raised, instead of withdrawing with vehement protestations from the treaty, we denied that under the treaty the Commission had jurisdiction of the case. That view was confirmed, and the matter was adjusted with the utmost tranquillity and good feeling. It is unfortunate that the British Government had not pursued the same course. When the indirect claims were presented, the tribunal might have decided that under the treaty it had no power to pass upon them, or that they could not be allowed. All difficulty with us would then have disappeared. England, indeed, would have conceded that the tribunal should decide, and would have taken the chance of an adverse decision. But the claims, or the question of the claims, must be settled in some manner. They are not disposed of by abandoning the treaty. Nor do we see, with the London *Spectator*, that it would be dishonorable in England to proceed with the arbitration, even upon the theory that it excluded claims for indirect losses. And the reason is this, that England ought to go before the tribunal under the treaty as she understands it; and if there should be any violation of that understanding, she could then certainly do what we did in the case of claims for the rebel debt—that is, she could wait for the decision of the tribunal as to its powers. But we must both bear in mind that neither country can truly allege bad faith. The failure of the treaty would be a serious event. It would make future negotiation more difficult, but it would not necessarily involve war.

PHILADELPHIA AND CINCINNATI.

In his speech defining his political position Senator Trumbull quoted the platform of the Missouri Convention which summoned that at Cincinnati, and asked whether it is not substantially Republican. To this question there are two very obvious answers. The first is that there are a great many propositions and demands in it which are common to all party platforms, while its strongest resolutions are aimed directly at the Republican Administration and at the Republican policy in the Southern States, and have been adopted without change by the Democratic Convention in Connecticut. Those resolutions do not, indeed, expressly declare that the President is guilty of a "shameless abuse of Government patronage for the control of conventions and elections," but they unquestionably intended to strike him, and they were so understood, and therefore approved, by the Connecticut Democracy. So, also, when the resolutions declare that "it is time to stop......or resort to unconstitutional laws to cure the Ku-Klux disorder," they mean to stigmatize laws passed by a Republican Congress and approved by the Republican party. The Missouri platform can not, therefore, be called substantially Republican, although it is ingeniously contrived to stab with a smile. Had it been in any proper sense Republican, it would certainly not have been adopted by Democrats.

But there is another reply to this question, and of another kind. Many of the gentlemen who sympathized with this Missouri declaration had taken part in the movement which sent General Blair to the Senate. If they were, in the ordinary party sense, Republicans, were they likely to summon a national convention just a month before the assembling of the regular convention of the party? It is undoubtedly the right of any citizen to call any convention and to join any movement which he conscientiously believes will promote the public welfare. But when we speak of Republicans we speak of members of a party—that is, of those who believe that the public advantage will be most surely promoted by a certain party action. But the significance of the Missouri and Cincinnati movement is that certain gentlemen will decline to act with the Republican party unless they can control its action. We repeat that they have a clear right to do in this matter what they choose; but if every other member of the party should say that the condition of his support was the formation of the platform and the nomination of the candidates, there would be no party, as that word is generally understood.

In this view, therefore, the Missouri movement is not Republican. It is made up by certain gentlemen who have formerly acted with the Republicans, and who will nominate at Cincinnati a former Republican to be supported by Democrats, or who will either sustain the Philadelphia or the Democratic nominations. If the Missouri gentlemen nominate a Republican to be supported against the regular candidate of the Republican party, the result might be the defeat of the latter by Democratic votes given to the Cincinnati candidate. This would be, under whatever name, the return of the Democratic party to power, and the inevitable result of the action would properly be considered its intention. If, in the second place, the Missouri gentlemen should sustain a Democratic candidate, they would hardly be called Republicans even by Senator Trumbull. And if, thirdly, they should sustain the Philadelphia nominations, they would have decided that Republican success even with General Grant is better than a victory of the Ku-Klux.

One thing certainly is evident. The great body of the Republican party is not going to Cincinnati, but to Philadelphia. And they are sorely mistaken who think that the Democrats are going all the way to Cincinnati to disband their party. Democratic support of a Republican, even if it were conceivable, would be a mere trick to recover power. The purpose and character and traditions of the party would not change. However the prospect may be regarded, therefore, however sincere many of the Missouri gentlemen may be, however adroitly Senator Trumbull may show that the Cincinnati call is or ought to be considered wholly Republican, the result is always the same simple alternative—the election of the Philadelphia candidate or the success of the Democratic party. The Cincinnati movement, plus a sufficient number of Democrats, is surely no more Republican than the regular Republican call to Philadelphia. If the nomination at Philadelphia be a foregone conclusion, that is the strongest evidence that it is precisely the one which ought to be made, because it is the spontaneous desire of the party. The ingenious assaults, the desponding criticisms, the foreboding shakings of the head, the regrets that this and that are not otherwise, do not prevail against the conviction of the great mass of the Republican party that neither the honor nor the prosperity of the country has suffered under the administration of an honest and patriotic man, whom the most ingenious and elaborate detraction has not even stained, and from whom, therefore, the country, which wishes and requires honorable repose, has not withdrawn its confidence.

THE RELIGIOUS AMENDMENT.

Mr. D. M'Allister, General Secretary of the National Association to secure the Christianization of the Constitution, writes to us that although Governor Jewell, of Connecticut, has stated that his name had been used as a vice-president without his authority, yet that he signed the call for the convention to secure the religious amendment which met in Philadelphia last year; and the secretary adds that Governor Washburn expressed in a letter his approval of the religious convention at Cincinnati.

But assent to a convention to consider a subject, or even to devise measures to secure a result, does not imply that assent to the action of the convention which is involved in the use that was made of the names of the two Governors. If you want a man to be a vice-president of your society the proper method is to ask him, and not to infer his assent because he has assented to something else. There is a want of care in such a proceeding which discredits the whole movement.

DEATH OF A GOOD MAN.

By the decease of James J. M'Carter, who died at Columbia, South Carolina, February 17, at the ripe age of seventy-two, the community in which he lived has sustained a severe loss. He was a native of New Jersey, learned the book business in Morristown, and thence went to Charleston, South Carolina, where for more than forty years he was a successful and highly respected bookseller. His place was the resort of many distinguished authors and statesmen, who were attracted by his genial manners, engaging conversation, and varied knowledge of literary affairs. Though a citizen of a Southern State, he was faithful to his early training, and had the respect and esteem even of those who differed from him in political opinions. He generously aided Union prisoners during the war, when few dared be known as their friend. At one time he represented his own district in the State Legislature, where his shrewdness and honesty made his services of great value. His whole business life was remarkable for the skill, industry, and integrity with which his affairs were conducted; and in the Church, in social and private life, he was beloved for the fine qualities that mark a Christian gentleman. He will be painfully missed, not only by his own community, but by a large circle of friends and acquaintances at the North.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Wilkie Collins, under date of January 11, writes to a friend in this country as follows: "My visit to the United States depends entirely on the decision of my medical adviser. My health has been a little shaken of late years by some severe attacks of rheumatic gout. I am slowly getting over the liability to this malady. But I am not yet considered to be equal to the strain of continuous public appearances. There is every reason to hope that I may be able to pay a visit to my good American readers and friends, but the time can not yet be definitely appointed. This is really all that I know myself in relation to my contemplated trip to America. I am sincerely anxious to find myself among you. I feel a deep interest in your country, and I owe a large debt of gratitude to your people for the hearty reception which they have accorded to my works."

—Mr. James Brooks, alluding in one of his recent letters from Bombay to the great number of gods in Hindoo and Buddhist temples, says that many of them are now made in Manchester, England, for export. Mr. Brooks fails, however, to satisfy the American reader and artisan precisely what a good article of Hindoo god is worth. Being a member of the House Committee of Ways and Means, he should have given some hints that might result in adding to the industry, if not to the revenues, of the country, by inducing the American mechanic to compete with his Christian brother of Manchester in supplying a better style of manufacture for the devout Hindoo. It has been intimated that a fair article of idol could be cast and finished at the Quintard Iron-Works in this city, in packages, at from $40 to $50 per dozen.

—Mr. Nast, who was recently in Washington to look after our national interests, was obliged while there to undergo an amount of reception, lunch, dining, and that style of thing that well-nigh shattered a constitution, by-laws, and rules of order previously deemed of adamantine strength. In an especial manner was he entertained by those superior beings who constitute the gov'ment. Miss Grundy, the clever correspondent of the *World*, tells us of the ordeal he was compelled to go through on a certain evening: "One day this week General Chipman, delegate from our Territory in Congress, gave a small dinner-party to his friend and guest, Mr. Nast. The President, Mrs. and Miss Nellie Grant, Secretaries Boutwell and Robeson, Mrs. Bowers, Judge Burton, and Mr. Dawson were the invited guests. It was a most charming dinner, and rendered the more so by Mr. Nast's burlesque of the bill of fare, placed at the plate of one of the ladies. A picture of himself as the man in whose honor the dinner was given was first. Next came a caricature of General Chipman handing oysters on the half-shell over a counter to Nast himself. Next chicken soup—a bowl with chicken legs standing upright, ready to be ladled out. Next rock-fish—our Secretary of State, terminating in piscatorial fashion in a cradle, decidedly on the rock. Next a Turkish soldier, decently laid out for interment, represented turkey. Then a mad bull chasing a spice-box down a hill, at the foot of which grew mushrooms and asparagus, represented spiced beef and accompanying edibles. Sweet-breads and pease were delineated, followed by a rebus for Roman punch, in which the Pope of Rome violently tweaked Nast's nose. Mallard ducks swam on a lake, and Nast ran after game with salt to sprinkle on its tail. Jellies were caricatured, and the north pole indicated the ices closing the feast. The whole was concluded by a picture of Nast being carried off the scene in a fish-net by Grant in advance, smoking, and the Secretary of War bringing up the rear. The whole thing was exceedingly rich, and some of the caricatures deserve to be perpetuated."

—Jeff Thompson, ex-Confederate general, is Governor Warmoth's surveyor-general. He is described as a "very queer chicken, possessing the necessary faculty of closing an eye to a cheap piece of canal or levee, and submerging his politics beneath the water-level of interest. Long, gaunt, ugly, and garrulous, Jeff haunts the saloons, and takes the oath of allegiance (with a little sugar) as often as his fellow-citizens invite him. His stock remark is, 'I change my religion every week, my politics every day, and my opinion every hour, and yet I can't keep up.'"

—Arthur Gilman, Esq., architect of the superb building of the Equitable Life Assurance Company, has drawn the plans, elevation, etc., of the new building to be erected by Drexel Brothers (at the corner of Broad and Wall streets), which have been accepted. The land, about 45 by 90 feet, cost about $900,000—the largest price ever paid for a lot of that size either in America or in the world. The new building is to be very imposing in appearance, fire-proof, with elevators and every conceivable comfort for business men, and will be ready for occupancy on the 1st of April, 1873.

—Colonel Hinton, the regular Washington correspondent of the Worcester *Spy*, writes: "It may be heresy to say in Massachusetts what I am about to do, but a sense of duty demands of me the expression of my belief that Mr. Sumner, in the course he is pursuing on the arms investigation resolution, gives evidence that personal hostility to the President so far perverts his judgment as to cause him to take not only weak and untenable ground, but to pursue the same with an apparent disregard of any consequences but those that affect the personal position and future of General Grant. The only really weak speech I have ever heard your senior Senator deliver in the Senate-chamber is the one he recently made in opening the present debate. It appeared to me as if he was not really master of his case. I think that this was the general opinion of the sharpest critics here—the denizens of the reporters' gallery. Most of them left before Mr. Sumner was half through. They generally pay him the compliment of close attention—one, too, which only two, or at most three, other men receive. The critical judgment of the reporters' gallery is against Mr. Sumner. Its denizens say among themselves—no matter what they write to their several newspapers—that the Massachusetts Senator has a weak case, and has failed in his presentation also."

—President Roberts, recently inaugurated President of Liberia under the new constitution, received a good common-school education at Fredericksburg, Virginia, and went to Monrovia in 1829. He was appointed Governor of Liberia by the American Colonization Society in 1841. In 1847 he was elected the first President. In 1861 he was appointed president of the Liberia College. He is a tall gentleman, dignified, affable, and intelligent.

—Mr. Justin M'Carthy was present in the House of Commons on the evening of the great debate on the *Alabama* case, and gives the following graphic sketch of the Tory leader: "Disraeli led off. His speech was immensely clever. His mannerisms transcend those of any body else. He talks in a sepulchral voice, something like that of an afflicted and lachrymose raven. A stranger might fancy that he was actually beginning to cry. He groans and croaks out his words, and seems to drag them up from the very pit of his stomach. He stammers and boggles and halts at irregular intervals in the middle of every sentence, and interjects that odious 'aw, aw,' which English speakers seem unable to get rid of. His gestures are angular, constrained, and awkward. When he becomes vehement he is turgid; when he is solemn he outgroans the Rev. Mr. Stiggins. I have heard a few public speakers in various countries in my time, and I hereby record my formal declaration that the manner of the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli is the most utterly detestable that has ever come under my notice. But for all that his speech was very clever, ingenious, and effective, and Disraeli is a perfect master of phrases. He never speaks without bequeathing some happy phrase to be quoted again and again in and out of the House. He spoke as he always does, standing beside the table on which the mace lies, and on the other side of which sit the ministers. When, leaning across the table as if he were about to lie down on it, and looking straight at Gladstone, he announced that he was prepared to support the government, he conveyed, and of course meant to convey, the following impression: 'I know that this is all your fault; I have personally the most utter contempt for you and all your colleagues; I could overwhelm you with shame, but for the sake of the country I will actually subdue my feelings, and consent to endure you while this difficulty lasts.'"

—The Rev. Dr. Robinson, of Rochester, recently elected president of Brown University, has accepted the office, and will in due time enter upon his new duties.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

In the House of Representatives, February 26, special bills were passed removing political disabilities from nearly 6000 persons. On the same day a bill was reported from the Committee of Ways and Means, and adopted, repealing the requirement of stamps on packages of jellies, mustards, sauces, canned fruits, vegetables, meats, etc., as in Schedule C of the Internal Revenue act. The Senate passed the same bill February 29. Mr. Sumner's resolution (minus the preamble) calling for an investigation of the reported sale of arms to the French government was presented in the House by Mr. Lynch, of Maine. A motion to instruct the Committee of Ways and Means to report a bill reducing the duty on pig-iron to five dollars a ton or less was lost, as was also a resolution declaring it to be the judgment of the House that the tax on manufactured tobacco should be uniformly sixteen cents a pound. Mr. Brooks, of New York, presented a petition from many leading wool manufacturers of New England praying for the removal of duties on raw wool, bituminous coal, salt, and iron and lumber for machinery. The petitioners promise thereupon not to ask for protection for woolen manufactures, and further, that they will raise the wages of their workmen.

In the House of Representatives, February 28, Mr. Townsend, of New York, asked leave to offer a preamble and resolution on the subject of consequential damages, submitting the question for final arbitrament to Hon. John Bright, of England. Messrs. Dawes and W. R. Roberts objected, and the matter was dropped. In the Senate, February 29, a bill admitting six Japanese youths to West Point was passed. On the same day Mr. Sumner's French arms resolution was taken up and adopted, with the amendment that the committee of investigation should inquire if any American Senator or citizen had been in unauthorized communication or collusion with any foreign government. Mr. Sumner's preamble was laid on the table. A motion to name a Senate committee of investigation on the French arms question was tabled March 1.

Secretary Fish's reply to Earl Granville's note on the *Alabama* question was sent abroad by the steamer which left New York March 2. The contents have not been made known outside of the cabinet.

The national public debt was reduced $12,391,450 during the month of February.

In the New York State Senate, February 26, a bill amending the military law by striking out the word "white," so as to make negroes liable for duty, was passed to a third reading. In the Assembly, on the same day, a bill was introduced repealing the General Classification act of 1869, relative to the New York Central, Hudson River, Harlem, and Erie Railroad companies. The Committee of Seventy's charter for New York city was passed in the Assembly February 27, by a vote of 89 to 28. Mr. Alvord on the same day introduced in the Assembly a stringent election law, to be operative throughout the State. Dr. Carnochan has been removed from the position of Health Officer of the port of New York, and Dr. S. O. Vanderpoel, of Albany, has been appointed his successor. A bill was introduced in the Assembly repealing all existing usury laws, and making it illegal to charge more than seven per cent. except where a written contract has been made, in which case any amount of interest may be agreed upon. Mr. Judd introduced a bill to present medals to every officer and soldier who served during the Southern rebellion from this State. The Frear-Killian contested election case was decided in favor of the latter by the Assembly, February 28. A bill was introduced in the Senate, February 29, to elevate the standard of medical education. It requires the Regents of the University to appoint a board to examine all candidates for medical diplomas, five members of which must vote in his favor. On the same day, in the Senate, a bill was introduced to include within the causes for granting a limited divorce or separation "such conduct on the part of the husband toward the wife as shall, without just cause, deprive her of the society of her relatives or friends, or of attendance upon public worship, or shall designedly render her life unhappy or uncomfortable."

Mayor A. Oakey Hall's trial for misdemeanor in office was begun in the Court of General Sessions, before Chief Justice Daly, February 26.

Judge Cardozo decided, March 2, that the Grand Jury which indicted Stokes for the murder of Fisk was legally constituted, and that the indictment must therefore stand.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The police have entered and searched an establishment of Jesuits in Posen, and seized a quantity of papers.

The British national thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales occurred February 27. There was a royal procession, an afternoon service at St. Paul's Cathedral, and an illumination at night. The enthusiasm of the masses was unbounded. Two of the spectators' stands fell, and two persons were killed and two hundred and twenty-nine wounded.

As Queen Victoria was returning to the court-yard at Buckingham Palace, after a drive through the park, February 29, Alfred O'Connor, a Fenian, eighteen years of age, sprang over the walls, rushed up to the carriage, and struck the Queen on the breast with an unloaded pistol, at the same time presenting a petition of amnesty for the Fenians, exclaiming, "Sign or die!" He was at once arrested and thrown into prison. The Queen was perfectly calm.

The Pope has addressed a letter to the French bishops asking them to support the Count de Chambord for ruler of France.

It is reported that President Thiers has again offered the Pope the hospitality of France, and that Austria has tendered his holiness Salzburg Castle for a residence.

The Prince de Joinville has been reinstated as admiral and the Duke d'Aumale as general in the French service.

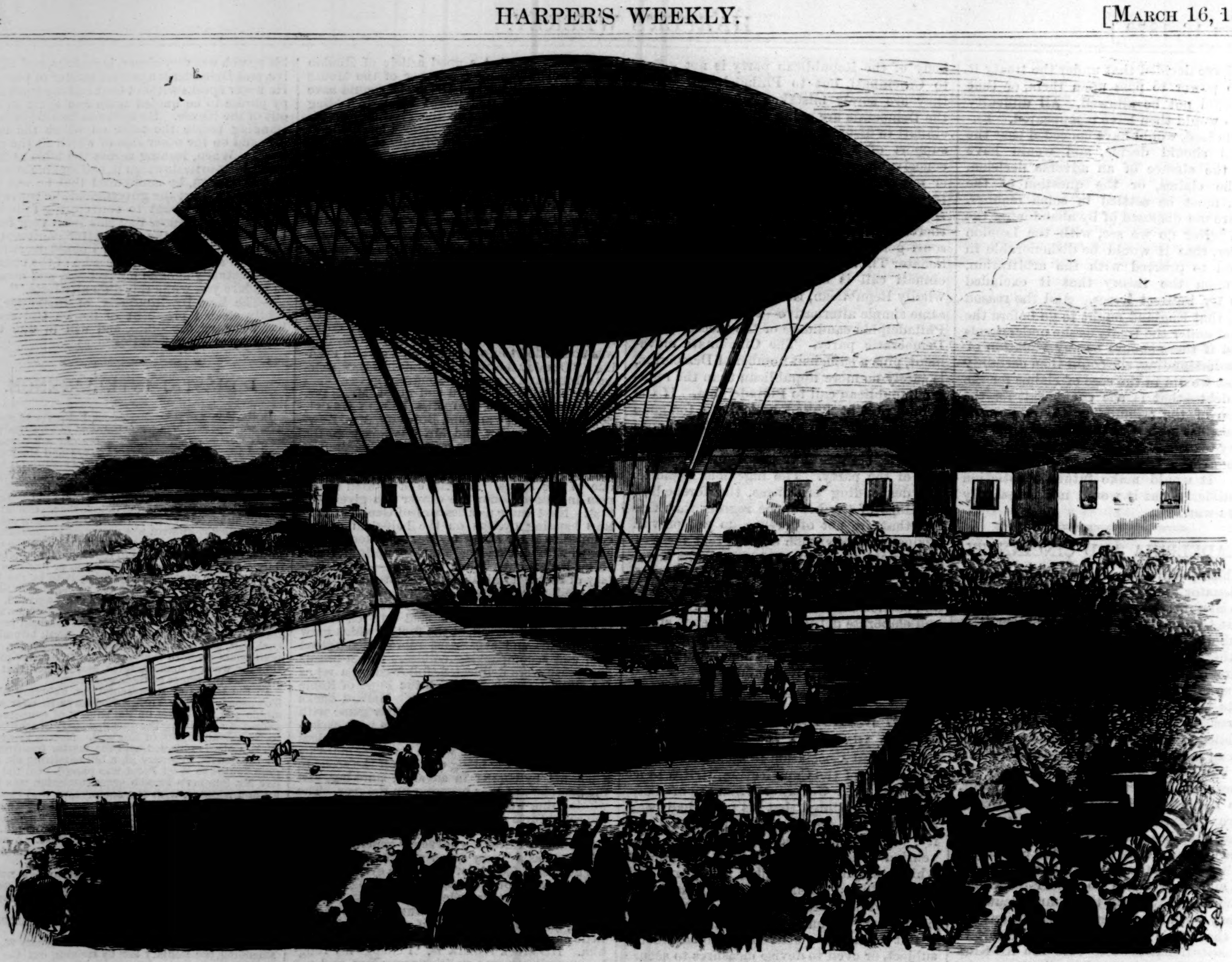
The German government has notified the French Minister of Finance that it will accept the anticipatory payment of 410,000,000 francs of the war indemnity with a discount of five per cent.

The Russian fleet bearing the Grand Duke Alexis and party reached Havana February 27. On the following day the distinguished visitors were formally received by the officials of the city.

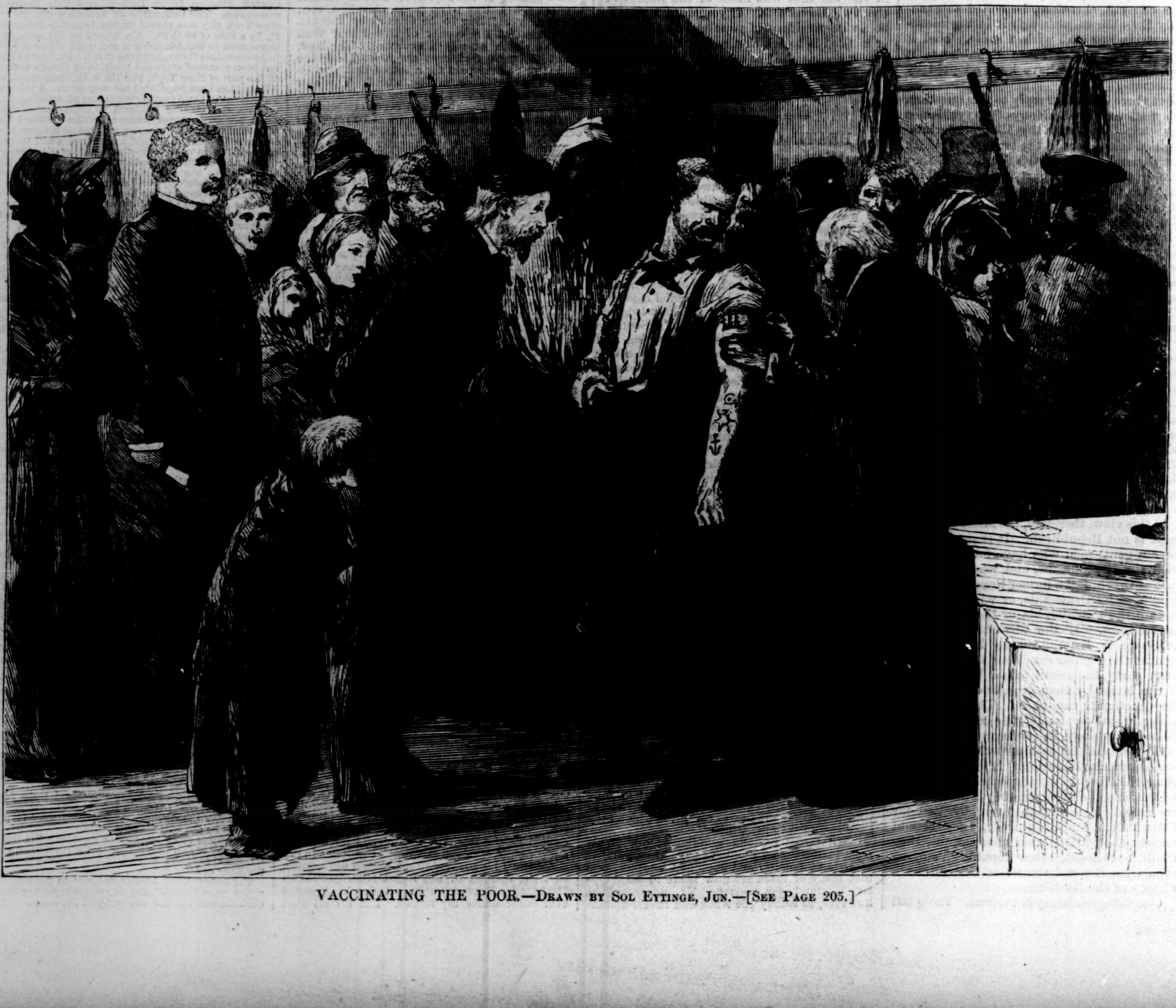
Dispatches from Matamoras announce the capture of the city of San Luis Potosi by the revolutionists.

General Sherman and party had an interview with the King of Italy March 1.

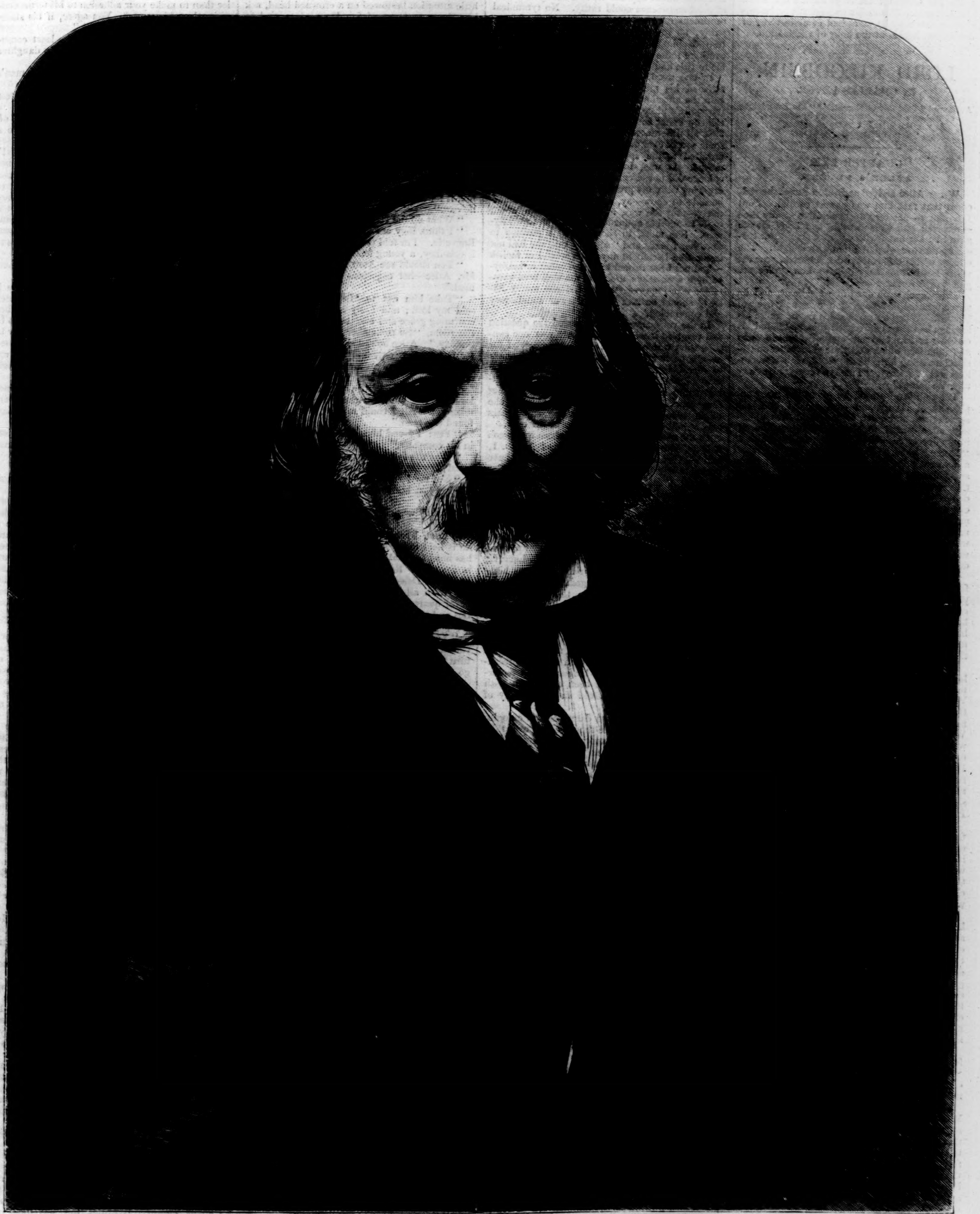
The Emperor of Austria declines to recognize the opponents of infallibility as members of the Roman Catholic ecclesiastical hierarchy of the realm.



A NEW BALLOON—DEPARTURE FROM PARIS ON THE TRIAL TRIP.—[See Page 213.]



VACCINATING THE POOR.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.—[See Page 205.]



PROFESSOR RICHARD OWEN, F.R.S.

PROFESSOR OWEN, F.R.S.

This eminent natural philosopher, who holds the office of Superintendent of the departments of Zoology, Geology, and Mineralogy in the British Museum, and Professor of Physiology in the Royal Institution, was born at Lancaster in 1804. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and adopted the profession of a surgeon. But he soon found employment in preparing the catalogues of the collections in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. These contain a great variety of specimens of comparative anatomy and physiology, especially of osteology, to which his attention as a scientific inquirer was thus early directed. In 1835 he was appointed Hunterian Professor of the college, and Conservator of its museum. Among his first published treatises was a memoir on the "Nautilus Pompilius," contributed in 1832; but his memoir on a gigantic extinct species of sloth, the *Mylodon robustus* which appeared ten years later, proved him the highest British authority on fossil organic remains. A work on "Odontography," or the comparative structure and arrangement of the teeth of animals, had already gained approval. Mr. Owen became more widely known by his popular books, entitled the "History of British Fossil Mammals and Birds" and the "History of British Fossil Reptiles," which appeared from 1846 to 1850. But, at the same time, he published his two courses of lectures on the comparative anatomy of the invertebrate and that of the vertebrate animals, giving a complete view of the subject; and these were followed by a masterly essay on the "Vertebrate Skeleton," its typical and essential form of structure; and by special disquisitions on "The Nature of Limbs," and other topics within the range of those inquiries.

Professor Owen aided in some of the arrangements for the Exhibition of 1851, and served as president of one of its juries. In 1855, by desire of the French government, he acted in a similar capacity at the Paris Exhibition. He was rewarded with the cross of the Legion of Honor; and in return for this compliment his next important work, "Principles of Comparative Osteology," was published at Paris in the French language. His more recent books, including that on the Megatherium, and his great work on the science of paleontology, the first part of which appeared in 1860, have still more augmented the fame of this accomplished naturalist. He has contributed much to the transactions of all the scientific institutions in London. His merits have been recognized by most of the academies or learned societies of Europe, as well as by the universities of Great Britain, and by the governments of other states, from which he has received many honorary titles of distinction.

VACCINATING THE POOR.

The continued prevalence of small-pox in this city has necessitated constant vigilance to circumscribe its ravages, especially among the poorer classes of our population. Under the direction of the Board of Health the city physicians are present at the several police station-houses at stated hours, when all who wish to be vaccinated gratis can present themselves for the operation. Mr. Eytinge's illustration on page 204 represents a scene that may be witnessed at almost any of the station-houses at the hour of vaccination.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER LXX.

ATLEE'S RETURN.

When Atlee arrived at Bruton Street the welcome that met him was almost cordial. Lord Danesbury—not very demonstrative at any time—received him with warmth, and Lady Maude gave him her hand with a sort of significant cordiality that overwhelmed him with delight. The climax of his enjoyment was, however, reached when Lord Danesbury said to him, "We are glad to see you at home again."

This speech sunk deep into his heart, and he never wearied of repeating it over and over to himself. When he reached his room, where his luggage had already preceded him, and found his dressing articles laid out, and all the little cares and attentions which well-trained servants understand awaiting him, he muttered, with a tremulous sort of ecstasy, "This is a very glorious way to come home!"

The rich furniture of the room, the many appliances of luxury and ease around him, the sense of rest and quiet, so delightful after a journey, all appealed to him as he threw himself into a deeply cushioned chair. He cried aloud, "Home! home! Is this indeed home? What a different thing from that mean life of privation and penury I have always been associating with this word—from that perpetual struggle with debt—the miserable conflict that went on through every day, till not an action, not a thought, remained untinctured with money, and, if a momentary pleasure crossed the path, the cost of it was certain to tarnish all the enjoyment! Such was the only home I have ever known, or, indeed, imagined."

It is said that the men who have emerged from very humble conditions in life, and occupy places of eminence or promise, are less overjoyed at this change of fortune than impressed with a kind of resentment toward the destiny that once had subjected them to privation. Their feeling is not so much joy at the present as discontent with the past.

"Why was I not born to all this?" cried Atlee, indignantly. "What is there in me, or in my nature, that this should be a usurpation? Why was I not schooled at Eton, and trained at Oxford? Why was I not bred up among the men whose competitor I shall soon find myself? Why have I not their ways, their instincts, their watch-words, their pastimes, and even their prejudices, as parts of my very nature? Why am I to learn these late in life, as a man learns a new language, and never fully catches the sounds or the niceties? Is there any competitorship I should flinch from, any rivalry I should fear, if I had but started fair in the race?"

This sense of having been hardly treated by fortune at the outset marred much of his present enjoyment, accompanied as it was by a misgiving that, do what he might, that early inferiority would cling to him, like some rag of a garment that he must wear over all his "braverie," proclaiming as it did to the world, "This is from what I sprung originally."

It was not by any exercise of vanity that Atlee knew he talked better, knew more, was wittier and more ready-witted than the majority of men of his age and standing. The consciousness that he could do scores of things *they* could not do was not enough, tarnished as it was by a misgiving that, by some secret mystery of breeding, some freemasonry of fashion, he was not one of them, and that this awkward fact was suspended over him for life, to arrest his course in the hour of success, and balk him at the very moment of victory.

"Till a man's adoption among them is ratified by a marriage he is not safe," muttered he. "Till the fate and future of one of their own is embarked in the same boat with himself, they'll not grieve over his shipwreck."

Could he but call Lady Maude his wife! Was this possible? There were classes in which affections went for much, where there was such a thing as engaging these same affections, and actually pledging all hope of happiness in life on the faith of such engagements. These, it is true, were the sentiments that prevailed in humbler walks of life, among those lowly born people whose births and marriages were not chronicled in gilt-bound volumes. The Lady Maudes of the world, whatever imprudences they might permit themselves, certainly never "fell in love." Condition and place in the world were far too serious things to be made the sport of sentiment. Love was a very proper thing in three-volume novels, and Mr. Mudie drove a roaring trade in it; but in the well-bred world, immersed in all its engagements, triple-deep in its projects and promises for pleasure, where was the time, where the opportunity, for this pleasant fooling? That luxurious selfishness, in which people delight to plan a future life, and agree to think that they have in themselves what can confront narrow fortune and difficulty, these had no place in the lives of persons of fashion! In that coquetry of admiration and flattery which, in the language of slang, is called spooning, young persons occasionally got so far acquainted that they agreed to be married, pretty much as they agreed to waltz or to polka together; but it was always with the distinct understanding that they were doing what mammas would approve of, and family solicitors of good conscience could ratify. No tyrannical sentimentality, no uncontrollable gush of sympathy, no irresistible convictions about all future happiness being dependent on one issue, overbore these natures, and made them insensible to title and rank and station and settlements.

In one word, Atlee, after due consideration, satisfied his mind that, though a man might gain the affections of the doctor's daughter or the squire's niece, and so establish himself as an element of her happiness that friends would overlook all differences of fortune and try to make some sort of compromise with fate, all these were unsuited to the sphere in which Lady Maude moved. It was, indeed, a realm where this coinage did not circulate. To enable him to address her with any prospect of success, he should be able to show—ay, and to show argumentatively—that she was, in listening to him, about to do something eminently prudent and worldly-wise. She must, in short, be in a position to show her friends and "society" that she had not committed herself to any thing willful or foolish—had not been misled by a sentiment or betrayed by a sympathy; and that the well-bred questioner who inquired, "Why did she marry Atlee?" should be met by an answer satisfactory and convincing.

In the various ways he canvassed the question and revolved it with himself there was one consideration which, if I were at all concerned for his character for gallantry, I should be reluctant to reveal, but, as I feel little interest on this score, I am free to own was this: he remembered that as Lady Maude was no longer in her first youth, there was reason to suppose she might listen to addresses now which, some years ago, would have met scant favor in her eyes.

In the matrimonial Lloyd's, if there were such a body, she would not have figured A. No. 1, and the risks of entering the conjugal state have probably called for an extra premium. Atlee attached great importance to this fact; but it was not the less a matter which demanded the greatest delicacy of treatment. He must know it, and he must not know it. He must see that she had been the belle of many seasons, and he must pretend to regard her as fresh to the ways of life, and new to society. He trusted a good deal to his tact to do this, for, while insinuating to her the possible future of such a man as himself, the high place, and the great rewards which, in all likelihood, awaited him, there would come an opportune moment to suggest that to any one less gifted, less conversant with knowledge of life than herself, such reasonings could not be addressed.

"It could never be," cried he, aloud, "to some miss fresh from the school-room and the governess I could dare to talk a language only understood by those who have been conversant with high questions, and moved in the society of thoughtful talkers."

There is no quality so dangerous to eulogize as experience, and Atlee thought long over this. One determination or another must speedily be come to. If there was no likelihood of success with Lady Maude, he must not lose his chances with the Greek girl. The sum, whatever it might be, which her father should obtain for his secret papers, would constitute a very respectable portion. "I have a stronger reason to fight for liberal terms," thought he, "than the Prince Kostalergi imagines, and, fortunately, that fine parental trait, that noble desire to make a provision for his child, stands out so clearly in my brief, I should be a sorry advocate if I could not employ it."

In the few words that passed between Lord Danesbury and himself on arriving he learned that there was but little chance of his winning his election for the borough. Indeed, he bore the disappointment jauntily and good-humoredly. That great philosophy of not attaching too much importance to any one thing in life sustained him in every venture. "Bet on the field—never back the favorite," was his formula for inculcating the wisdom of trusting to the general game of life, rather than to any particular emergency. "Back the field," he would say, "and you must be unlucky or you'll come right in the long-run."

They dined that day alone—that is, they were but three at table; and Atlee enjoyed the unspeakable pleasure of hearing them talk with the freedom and unconstraint people only indulge in when "at home." Lord Danesbury discussed confidential questions of political importance; told how his colleagues agreed in this, or differed on that; adverted to the nice points of temperament, which made one man hopeful and that other despondent or distrustful; he exposed the difficulties they had to meet in the Commons, and where the Upper House was intractable; and even went so far in his confidences as to admit where the criticisms of the Press were felt to be damaging to the administration.

"The real danger of ridicule," said he, "is not the pungency of the satire, it is the facility with which it is remembered and circulated. The man who reads the strong leader in the *Times* may have some general impression of being convinced, but he can not repeat its arguments or quote its expressions. The pasquinade or the squib gets a hold on the mind, and its very drollery will insure its being retained there."

Atlee was not a little gratified to hear that this opinion was delivered *à propos* to a short paper of his own, whose witty sarcasms on the Cabinet were exciting great amusement in town, and much curiosity as to the writer.

"He has not seen 'The Whitebait Dinner' yet," said Lady Maude; "the cleverest jeu d'esprit of the day."

"Ay, or of any day," broke in Lord Danesbury. "Even the *Anti-Jacobin* has nothing better. The notion is this. The devil happens to be taking a holiday, and he is in town just at the time of the Ministerial dinner, and, hearing that he is at Claridge's, the Cabinet, ashamed at the little attention bestowed on a crowned head, ask him down to Greenwich. He accepts, and to kill an hour—

"'He strolled down, of course,
To the Parliament House,
And heard how England stood,
As she has since the Flood,
Without ally or friend to assist her.
But while every persuasion
Was full of invasion,
From Russian or Prussian,
Yet the only discussion
Was, how should a gentleman marry his sister.'"

"Can you remember any more of it, my lord?" asked Atlee, on whose table at that moment were lying the proof-sheets of the production.

"Maude has it all somewhere. You must find it for him, and let him guess the writer—if he can."

"What do the clubs say?" asked Atlee.

"I think they are divided between Orlop and Bouverie. I'm told that the Garrick people say it's Sankey, a young fellow in F. O."

"You should see Aunt Jerningham about it, Mr. Atlee—her eagerness is driving her half mad."

"Take him out to 'Lebanon' on Sunday," said my lord; and Lady Maude agreed with a charming grace and courtesy, adding, as she left the room, "So remember you are engaged for Sunday." Atlee bowed as he held the door open for her to pass out, and threw into his glance what he desired might mean homage and eternal devotion.

"Now then for a little quiet confab," said my lord. "Let me hear what you meant by your telegram. All I could make out was that you found our man."

"Yes; I found him, and passed several hours in his company."

"Was the fellow very much out at elbows, as usual?"

"No, my lord—thriving, and likely to thrive. He has just been named Envoy to the Ottoman Court."

"Bah!" was all the reply his incredulity could permit.

"True, I assure you. Such is the estimation he is held in at Athens, the Greeks declare he has not his equal. You are aware that his name is Speridion Kostalergi, and he claims to be Prince of Delos."

"With all my heart. Our Hellenic friends never quarrel over their nobility. There are titles and to spare for every one. Will he give us our papers?"

"Yes; but not without high terms. He declares, in fact, my lord, that you can no more return to the Bosphorus without *him*, than he can go there without *you*."

"Is the fellow insolent enough to take this ground?"

"That is he. In fact, he presumes to talk as your lordship's colleague, and hints at the several points in which you may act in concert."

"It is very Greek all this."

"His terms are ten thousand pounds in cash, and—"

"There, there, that will do. Why not fifty—why not a hundred thousand?"

"He affects a desire to be moderate, my lord."

"I hope you withdrew at once after such a proposal? I trust you did not prolong the interview a moment longer?"

"I arose, indeed, and declared that the mere mention of such terms was like a refusal to treat at all."

"And you retired?"

"I gained the door, when he detained me. He has, I must admit, a marvelous plausibility, for, though at first he seemed to rely on the all-importance of these documents to your lordship, how far they would compromise you in the past and impede you for the future; how they would impair your influence, and excite the animosity of many who were freely canvassed and discussed in them—yet he abandoned all that at the end of our interview, and restricted himself to the plea that the sum, if a large one, could not be a serious difficulty to a great English noble, and would be the crowning fortune of a poor Greek gentleman, who merely desired to secure a marriage portion for his only daughter."

"And you believed this?"

"I so far believed him that I have his pledge in writing that, when he has your lordship's assurance that you will comply with his terms—and he only asks that much—he will deposit the papers in the hands of the minister at Athens, and constitute your lordship the trustee of the amount in favor of his daughter, the sum only to be paid on her marriage."

"How can it possibly concern me that he has a daughter, or why should I accept such a trust?"

"The proposition had no other meaning than to guarantee the good faith on which his demand is made."

"I don't believe in the daughter."

"That is, that there is one?"

"No. I am persuaded that she has no existence. It is some question of a mistress or a dependent; and, if so, the sentimentality, which would seem to have appealed so forcibly to you, fails at once."

"That is quite true, my lord; and I can not pretend to deny the weakness you accuse me of. There may be no daughter in the question."

"Ah! You begin to perceive now that you surrendered your convictions too easily, Atlee. You failed in that element of 'restless distrust' that Talleyrand used to call the temper of the diplomatist."

"It is not the first time I have had to feel I am your lordship's inferior."

"*My* education was not made in a day, Atlee. It need be no discouragement to you that you are not as long-sighted as I am. No, no; rely upon it, there is no daughter in the case."

"With that conviction, my lord, what is easier than to make your adhesion to his terms conditional on his truth? You agree, if his statement be in all respects verified."

"Which implies that it is of the least consequence to me whether the fellow has a daughter or not?"

"It is so only as the guarantee of the man's veracity."

"And shall I give ten thousand pounds to test *that?*"

"No, my lord; but to repossess yourself of what, in very doubtful hands, might prove a great scandal and a great disaster."

"Ten thousand pounds! ten thousand pounds!"

"Why not eight—perhaps five? I have not your lordship's great knowledge to guide me, and I can not tell when these men really mean to maintain their ground. From my own very meagre experiences I should say he was not a very tractable individual. He sees some promise of better fortune before him, and like a genuine gambler—as I hear he is—he determines to back his luck."

"Ten thousand pounds!" muttered the other, below his breath.

"As regards the money, my lord, I take it that these same papers were documents which more or less concerned the public service—they were in no sense personal, although meant to be private; and although in my ignorance I may be mistaken, it seems to me that the fund devoted to secret services could not be more fittingly appropriated than in acquiring documents whose publicity could prove a national injury."

"Totally wrong—utterly wrong. The money could never be paid on such a pretense—the 'Office' would not sanction—no minister would dare to advise it."

"Then I come back to my original suggestion. I should give a conditional acceptance, and treat for a reduction of the amount."

"You would say five?"

"I opine, my lord, eight would have more chance of success."

"You are a warm advocate for your client," said his lordship, laughing; and though the shot was a merely random one, it went so true to the mark that Atlee flushed up and became crimson all over. "Don't mistake me, Atlee," said his lordship, in a kindly tone. "I know thoroughly how *my* interests, and only mine, have any claim on your attention. This Greek fellow must be less than nothing to you. Tell me now frankly, do you believe one word he has told you? Is he really named as minister to Turkey?"

"That much I can answer for—he is."

"What of the daughter—is there a daughter?"

"I suspect there may be. However, the matter admits of an easy proof. He has given me names and addresses in Ireland of relatives with whom she is living. Now I am thoroughly conversant with Ireland, and, by the indications in my power, I can pledge myself to learn all, not only about the existence of this person, but of such family circumstances as might serve to guide you in your resolve. Time is what is most to be thought of here. Kostalergi requires a prompt answer—first of all, your assurance that you will support his claim to be received by the Sultan. Well, my lord, if you refuse, Mouravieff will do it. You know better than me how impolitic it might be to throw these Turks more into Russian influence—"

"Never mind *that*, Atlee. Don't distress yourself about the political aspect of the question."

"I promised a telegraphic line to say would you or would you not sustain his nomination. It was to be yes or no—not more."

"Say yes. I'll not split hairs about what Greek best represents his nation. Say yes."

"I am sure, my lord, you do wisely. He is evidently a man of ability, and, I suspect, not morally much worse than his countrymen in general."

"Say yes; and then"—he mused for some minutes before he continued—"and then run over to Ireland; learn something, if you can, of this girl, with whom she is staying, in what position, what guarantees, if any, could be had for the due employment and destination of a sum of money, in the event of our agreeing to pay it. Mind, it is simply as a gauge of the fellow's veracity that this story has any value for us. Daughter or no daughter is not of any moment to me; but I want to test the problem—can he tell one word of truth about any thing? You are shrewd enough to see the bearing of this narrative on all he has told you—where it sustains, where it accuses him."

"Shall I set out at once, my lord?"

"No. Next week will do. We'll leave him to ruminate over your telegram. *That* will show him we have entertained his project; and he is too practiced a hand not to know the value of an opened negotiation. Cradock and Mellish, and one or two more, wish to talk with you about Turkey. Graydon, too, has some questions to ask you about Suez. They dine here on Monday. Tuesday we are to have the Hargraves and Lord Masham, and a couple of Under-Secretaries of State; and Lady Maude will tell us about Wednesday, for all these people, Atlee, are coming to meet *you*. The newspapers have so persistently been keeping you before the world, every one wants to see you."

Atlee might have told his lordship—but he did not—by what agency it chanced that his journeys and his jests were so thoroughly known to the press of every capital in Europe.

CHAPTER LXXI.

THE DRIVE.

Sunday came, and with it the visit to South Kensington, where Aunt Jerningham lived; and Atlee found himself seated beside Lady Maude in a fine roomy barouche, whirling along at a pace that our great moralist himself admits to be among the very pleasantest excitements humanity can experience.

"I hope you will add your persuasions to mine, Mr. Atlee, and induce my uncle to take these horses with him to Turkey. You know Constantinople, and can say that real carriage-horses can not be had there."

"Horses of this size, shape, and action the Sultan himself has not the equals of."

"No one is more aware than my lord," continued she, "that the measure of an embassador's influence is, in a great degree, the style and splendor in which he represents his country, and that his household, his equipage, his retinue, and his dinners should mark distinctly the station he assumes to occupy. Some caprice of Mr. Walpole's about Arab horses—Arabs of bone and blood he used to talk of—has taken hold of my uncle's mind, and I half fear that he may not take the English horses with him."

"By-the-way," said Atlee, half listlessly, "where *is* Walpole? What has become of him?"

"He is in Ireland at this moment."

"In Ireland! Good Heavens! has he not had enough of Ireland?"

"Apparently not. He went over there on Tuesday last."

"And what can he possibly have to do in Ireland?"

"I should say that *you* are more likely to furnish the answer to that question than I. If I'm not much mistaken, his letters are forwarded to the same country house where you first made each other's acquaintance."

"What, Kilgobbin Castle?"

"Yes, it is something Castle, and I think the name you mentioned."

"And this only puzzles me the more," added Atlee, pondering. "His first visit there, at the time I met him, was a mere accident of travel—a tourist's curiosity to see an old castle supposed to have some historic associations."

"Were there not some other attractions in the spot?" interrupted she, smiling.

"Yes, there was a genial old Irish squire, who did the honors very handsomely, if a little rudely, and there were two daughters, or a daughter and a niece, I'm not very clear which, who sang Irish melodies and talked rebellion to match very amusingly."

"Were they pretty?"

"Well, perhaps courtesy would say 'pretty,' but a keener criticism would dwell on certain awkwardnesses of manner—Walpole called them Irishries."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, he confessed to have been amused with the eccentric habits and odd ways, but he was not sparing of his strictures afterward."

"So that there were no 'tendernesses?'"

"Oh, I ll not go that far. I rather suspect there were 'tendernesses,' but only such as a fine gentleman permits himself among semi-savage peoples—something that seems to say, 'Be as fond of me as you like, and it is a great privilege you enjoy; and I, on my side, will accord you such of my affections as I set no particular store by.' Just as one throws small coin to a beggar."

"Oh, Mr. Atlee!"

"I am ashamed to own that I have seen something of this kind myself."

"It is not like my cousin Cecil to behave in that fashion."

"I might say, Lady Maude, that your home experiences of people would prove a very fallacious guide as to what they might or might not do in a society of whose ways you know nothing."

"A man of honor would always be a man of honor."

"There are men, and men of honor, as there are persons of excellent principles with delicate moral health, and they—I say it with regret—must be satisfied to be as respectably conducted as they are able."

"I don't think you like Cecil," said she, half puzzled by his subtlety, but hitting what she thought to be a "blot."

"It is difficult for me to tell his cousin what I should like to say in answer to this remark."

"Oh, have no embarrassment on that score. There are very few people less trammeled by the ties of relationship than we are. Speak out, and if you want to say any thing particularly severe, have no fears of wounding my susceptibilities."

"And do you know, Lady Maude," said he, in a voice of almost confidential meaning, "this was the very thing I was dreading? I had at one time a good deal of Walpole's intimacy—I'll not call it friendship, for somehow there were certain differences of temperament that separated us continually. We could commonly agree upon the same things; we could never be one-minded about the same people. In *my* experiences, the world is by no means the cold-hearted and selfish thing *he* deems it; and yet I suppose, Lady Maude, if there were to be a verdict given upon us both, nine out of ten would have fixed on *me* as the scoffer. Is not this so?"

The artfulness with which he had contrived to make himself and his character a question of discussion achieved only a half success, for she only gave one of her most meaningless smiles as she said, "I do not know; I'm not quite sure."

"And yet I am more concerned to learn what *you* would think on this score than for the opinion of the whole world."

Like a man who has taken a leap and found a deep "drop" on the other side, he came to a dead halt as he saw the cold and impassive look her features had assumed. He would have given worlds to recall his speech and stand as he did before it was uttered: for though she did not say one word, there was that in her calm and composed expression which reproved all that savored of passionate appeal. A now-or-never sort of courage nerved him, and he went on: "I know all the presumption of a man like myself daring to address such words to you, Lady Maude; but do you remember that though all eyes but one saw only fog-bank in the horizon, Columbus maintained there was land in the distance? and so say I, 'He who would lay his fortunes at your feet now sees high honors and great rewards awaiting him in the future. It is with you to say whether these honors become the crowning glories of a life, or all pursuit of them be valueless!' May I—dare I hope?"

"This is Lebanon," said she; "at least I think so;" and she held her glass to her eye. "Strange caprice, wasn't it, to call her house Lebanon because of those wretched cedars? Aunt Jerningham is so odd!"

"There is a crowd of carriages here," said Atlee, endeavoring to speak with unconcern.

"It is her day; she likes to receive on Sundays, as she says she escapes the bishops. By-the-way, did you tell me you were an old friend of hers, or did I dream it?"

"I'm afraid it was the vision revealed it."

"Because, if so, I must not take you in. She has a rule against all presentations on Sundays; they are only her intimates she receives on that day. We shall have to return as we came."

"Not for worlds. Pray let me not prove an embarrassment. You can make your visit, and I will go back on foot. Indeed, I should like a walk."

"On no account! Take the carriage, and send it back for me. I shall remain here till afternoon tea."

"Thanks, but I hold to my walk."

"It is a charming day, and I'm sure a walk will be delightful."

"Am I to suppose, Lady Maude," said he, in a low voice, as he assisted her to alight, "that you will deign me a more formal answer at another time to the words I ventured to address you? May I live in the hope that I shall yet regard this day as the most fortunate of my life?"

"It is wonderful weather for November—an English November, too. Pray let me assure you that you need not make yourself uneasy about what you were speaking of. I shall not mention it to any one, least of all to 'my lord;' and as for myself, it shall be as completely forgotten as though it had never been uttered."

And she held out her hand with a sort of cordial frankness that actually said, "There, you are forgiven! Is there any record of generosity like this?"

Atlee bowed low and resignedly over that gloved hand, which he felt he was touching for the last time, and turned away with a rush of thoughts through his brain, in which certainly the pleasantest were not the predominating ones.

He did not dine that day at Bruton Street, and only returned about ten o'clock, when he knew he should find Lord Danesbury in his study.

"I have determined, my lord," said he, with somewhat of decision in his tone that savored of a challenge, "to go over to Ireland by the morning mail."

Too much engrossed by his own thoughts to notice the other's manner, Lord Danesbury merely turned from the papers before him to say, "Ah, indeed! it would be very well done. We were talking about that, were we not, yesterday? What was it?"

"The Greek—Kostalergi's daughter, my lord?"

"To be sure. You are incredulous about her, ain't you?"

"On the contrary, my lord, I opine that the fellow has told us the truth. I believe he has a daughter, and destines this money to be her dowry."

"With all my heart; I do not see how it should concern me. If I am to pay the money, it matters very little to me whether he invests it in a Greek husband or the Double Zero—speculations, I take it, pretty much alike. Have you sent a telegram?"

"I have, my lord. I have engaged your lordship's word that you are willing to treat."

"Just so; it is exactly what I am! Willing to treat, willing to hear argument, and reply with my own, why I should give more for any thing than it is worth."

"We need not discuss further what we can only regard from one point of view, and that our own."

Lord Danesbury started. The altered tone and manner struck him now for the first time, and he threw his spectacles on the table and stared at the speaker with astonishment.

"There is another point, my lord," continued Atlee, with unbroken calm, "that I should like to ask your lordship's judgment upon, as I shall in a few hours be in Ireland, where the question will present itself. There was some time ago in Ireland a case brought under your lordship's notice of a very gallant resistance made by a family against an armed party who attacked a house, and your lordship was graciously pleased to say that some recognition should be offered to one of the sons—something to show how the Government regarded and approved his spirited conduct."

"I know, I know; but I am no longer the Viceroy."

"I am aware of that, my lord, nor is your successor appointed; but any suggestion or wish of your lordship's would be accepted by the Lords Justices with great deference, all the more in payment of a debt. If, then, your lordship would recommend this young man for the first vacancy in the constabulary, or some place in the customs, it would satisfy a most natural expectation, and, at the same time, evidence your lordship's interest for the country you so lately ruled over."

"There is nothing more pernicious than forestalling other people's patronage, Atlee. Not but if this thing was to be done for yourself—"

"Pardon me, my lord, I do not desire any thing for myself."

"Well, be it so. Take this to the Chancellor or the Commander-in-Chief"—and he scribbled a few hasty lines as he talked—"and say what you can in support of it. If they give you something good, I shall be heartily glad of it, and I wish you years to enjoy it."

Atlee only smiled at the warmth of interest for him which was linked with such a shortness of memory, but was too much wounded in his pride to reply. And now, as he saw that his lordship had replaced his glasses and resumed his work, he walked noiselessly to the door and withdrew.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A late number of the *College Courant*, of New Haven, contains a detailed account of the exploring expedition under Professor Marsh, which occupied the greater part of the warm season of 1871, and of which we have already furnished occasional notices to our readers. The general plan, as already stated, embraced excursions from several points, exploring as many different fields, with special reference to the examination of regions comparatively little known.

The first starting-point of operations was Fort Wallace, and from this post the cretaceous deposits of Southwestern Kansas and the region of the Smoky River were investigated. The second proceeded from Fort Bridger, in Western Wyoming, to examine the ancient tertiary lake basin previously discovered by Professor Marsh. Salt Lake City was the initial point of the third exploration, and the party proceeded thence to the Shoshone Falls, on Snake River, and from there to Boisé City, in Idaho; thence they passed over the Blue Mountains to the head waters of the John Day River, and followed down to Cañon City. On the route they made extensive collections of fossil fishes. They also explored two basins, one of the pliocene and the other of the miocene age, and in these remains of extinct animals were found in large numbers; the upper bed containing the bones of the elephant, rhinoceros, lion, etc., with several species of the fossil horse; the lower and older basin was found to contain species of the rhinoceros, oreodon, turtles, etc. From this point the party proceeded to the Columbia, and thence to Portland, Oregon, whence they took a steamer to San Francisco. Here the expedition divided, a portion going to the Yosemite and elsewhere, while several, with Professor Marsh, sailed, *via* Panama, for New York, reaching that city on the 14th of January. We understand that the expedition was thoroughly successful in every respect, securing the collection of large numbers of fossils, as also numerous skeletons of recent animals, together with valuable antiquities, etc. The expense of the exploration amounted to nearly $15,000, exclusive of the value of the services rendered by the government. This was defrayed entirely by the gentlemen composing the party; and it is understood that the material results are to be placed in the museum of Yale College, which thereby will be rendered the richest in America in this department of natural history.

A valuable collection of Indian relics from Chiriqui is now on sale at Heidelberg, and in the variety of its contents and the moderate price asked for them presents a strong inducement for its acquisition by some of the new museums of art or science in New York. The catalogue enumerates one hundred *terra cotta* figures and vessels of different kinds, most of them handsomely ornamented in colors. There are also numerous stone figures, images in chalchiutl or green jade, grinding-stones, etc.; seventeen gold images, representing frogs, eagles, human figures, etc.; and quite a number of clay and stone figures from Peru. The price asked for this collection is $800.

Some idea of the immense numbers of blue-fish consumed in a single season in New York may be gathered from the fact that during the year 1871 about 1,250,000 fish were brought to that city and disposed of. One hundred and fifty thousand of these were probably brought from Vineyard Sound and Buzzard's Bay, and about 8000 from the coast of Virginia and North Carolina, this latter number being considerably less than in previous years.

According to Dr. Petermann, the peak of Itatiaiossu, the highest mountain in Brazil, was ascended during the past summer and its altitude determined by Mr. Glaziou, the Director of the Imperial Parks in Rio de Janeiro. It proved to have an elevation of 8899 English feet, being somewhat less than had been previously estimated. Many species of plants were found on the mountain, and, what is of great interest, a large number of Alpine species, especially the *Compositæ*, were collected at from 1000 feet to 2300 below the summit.

The report of progress for 1870 of the Geological Survey of Ohio, under the direction of Professor J. S. Newberry, has just been published at Columbus, forming a volume of nearly 600 pages, with a number of accompanying maps and sections. The volume contains, besides a report of progress of the survey for 1870, a sketch of the structure of the lower coal measures in Northwestern Ohio, by Professor Newberry; the report of labors in the second geological district, by Professor E. B. Andrews, and on the geology of Highland County, by Professor Orton; the report of the Agricultural Survey of the State, by Mr. J. H. Klippart; a report of the chemical department, by Professor Wormley; sketches of the geology of several counties, by Messrs. M. C. Read and E. Gilbert; a sketch of the present state of the iron manufacture in Great Britain, by W. W. Potter; and a sketch of the present state of the steel industry, by Henry Newton.

All of these subjects are treated with great care, and the whole volume bears ample testimony to the ability of the chief geologist and the industry of his assistants. This volume is intended as simply preliminary to the final report, which Professor Newberry hopes to have embodied in four volumes—two of them devoted to the geology and paleontology, one to the economical geology, and one to agriculture, botany, and zoology. The materials for these volumes are in an advanced stage of forwardness, and will embrace monographic treatises on the several subjects, which will be of the utmost benefit in ascertaining and developing the resources of the State.

A duck found in the interior of New Zealand is said to differ from other ducks in not exhibiting any solicitude for the safety of its young. Captain Hutton, an eminent naturalist, thinks that this supports the Darwinian theory, as the ducks belong to a genus peculiar to New Zealand, where there were no destructive animals previous to the arrival of man, and in which genus, therefore, instinctive fear has not been developed; indeed, the absence of fear is said to be a peculiar characteristic of the animals of New Zealand.

On the 1st of January an institution was opened in London called the "Brown Institution," for the study of the diseases of animals. It results from a sum of money which was bequeathed in 1852 by a Mr. Thomas Brown to the University of London for the purpose of founding and upholding an institution for investigating, studying, and, if possible, endeavoring to cure the diseases and injuries of animals useful to man, the money to remain at interest for nineteen years. A hospital has been erected, consisting of stables for the reception of the larger quadrupeds, and of houses of various descriptions for those of a smaller size, and a laboratory for the study and investigation of disease has been built adjoining the hospital; the main object kept in view being the lessening of human evils by the study of the diseases which afflict the lower animals. Dr. Burdon Sanderson, Professor of Pathology in University College, London, has been appointed physician to the institution, and with him has been associated Dr. E. Klein, whose name is well known as the contributor of various articles to Stricker's "Histology," and the author of several important embryological researches.

Dr. A. Destruge, a well-known medical practitioner of Guayaquil, and, we believe, a citizen of the United States, makes a communication to *Nature* in regard to the botanical character of cundurango. He takes exception to the determination of Dr. Buyon and others, and remarks that the plant belongs to the Asclepiadaceæ, and to a division comprehending only five known genera, in none of which does the cundurango fall. He therefore concludes that it belongs to a genus which has not yet been characterized.

The flowers have a calyx of five divisions, obtuse, ovate, and villose in their inferior part, and of quincuncial prefloresccence. The corolla is rotate, of five divisions, lanceolate, hairy at the base on the inside, and somewhat fleshy, with a membranous margin. Its æstivation is imbricated. The stamen has no appendage or corona; the anthers are terminated by a membrane, and the pollen masses are elongated and suspended. The stigma is pentagonal and conical. The flowers are numerous and disposed in umbelliferous inflorescence.

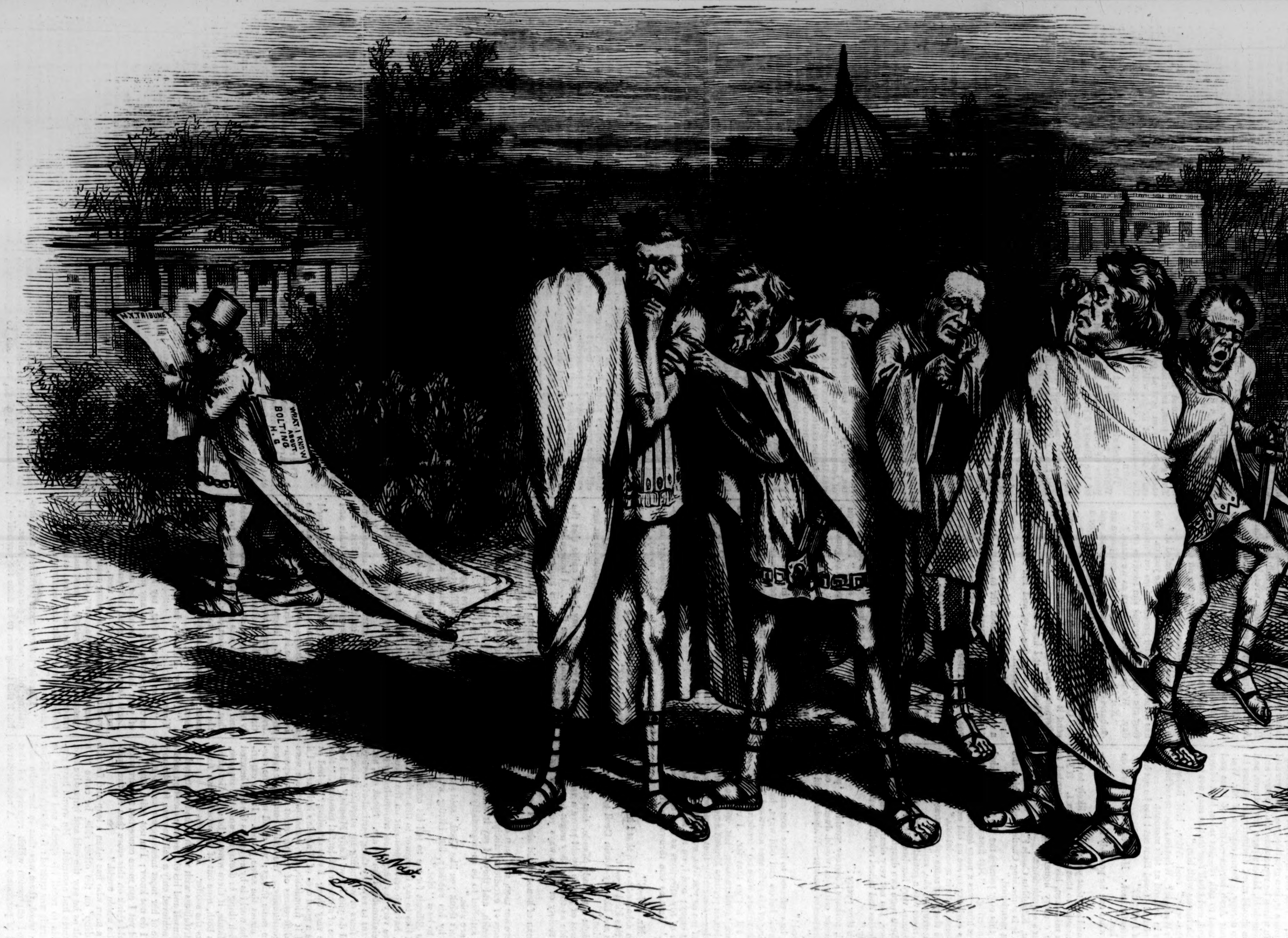
Much interest was excited about a year ago, in England, in regard to the birth of a young hippopotamus, at the Zoological Gardens of London, an occurrence which had never taken place before in Great Britain, although Amsterdam had previously had a similar experience. As before, this young animal made no attempt to suck, although its mother was amply provided with milk. An attempt was made to remove it, for the purpose of supporting it by artificial sustenance, but the mother was so savage as to render this impossible. Death ensued in three days, apparently from want of nutriment.

It seems quite remarkable that the instinct of the baby hippopotamus did not teach it to obtain food, as both it and the mother had been in the water together, as well as on the land. The length of this young animal was three feet four inches from the tip of the nose to the root of the tail, the head being ten inches in length. The skin was very much corrugated, and seemed covered with a glass-like varnish.

A society was organized in New York some time since under the name of the "Palestine Exploration Society," with Rev. Dr. J. P. Thompson, chairman, Dr. Howard Crosby, secretary, and James Stokes, Jun., treasurer, with a list of members including the principal archæologists of the United States. Its first report was published some time ago, embracing an account of the American explorers in Palestine, and the proceedings of the English Palestine Exploration Society, notices of the late explorations in Jerusalem, the Moabite stone, etc., and concluding with an appeal to all persons interested for contributions of funds to aid in carrying out the proposed researches of the society.

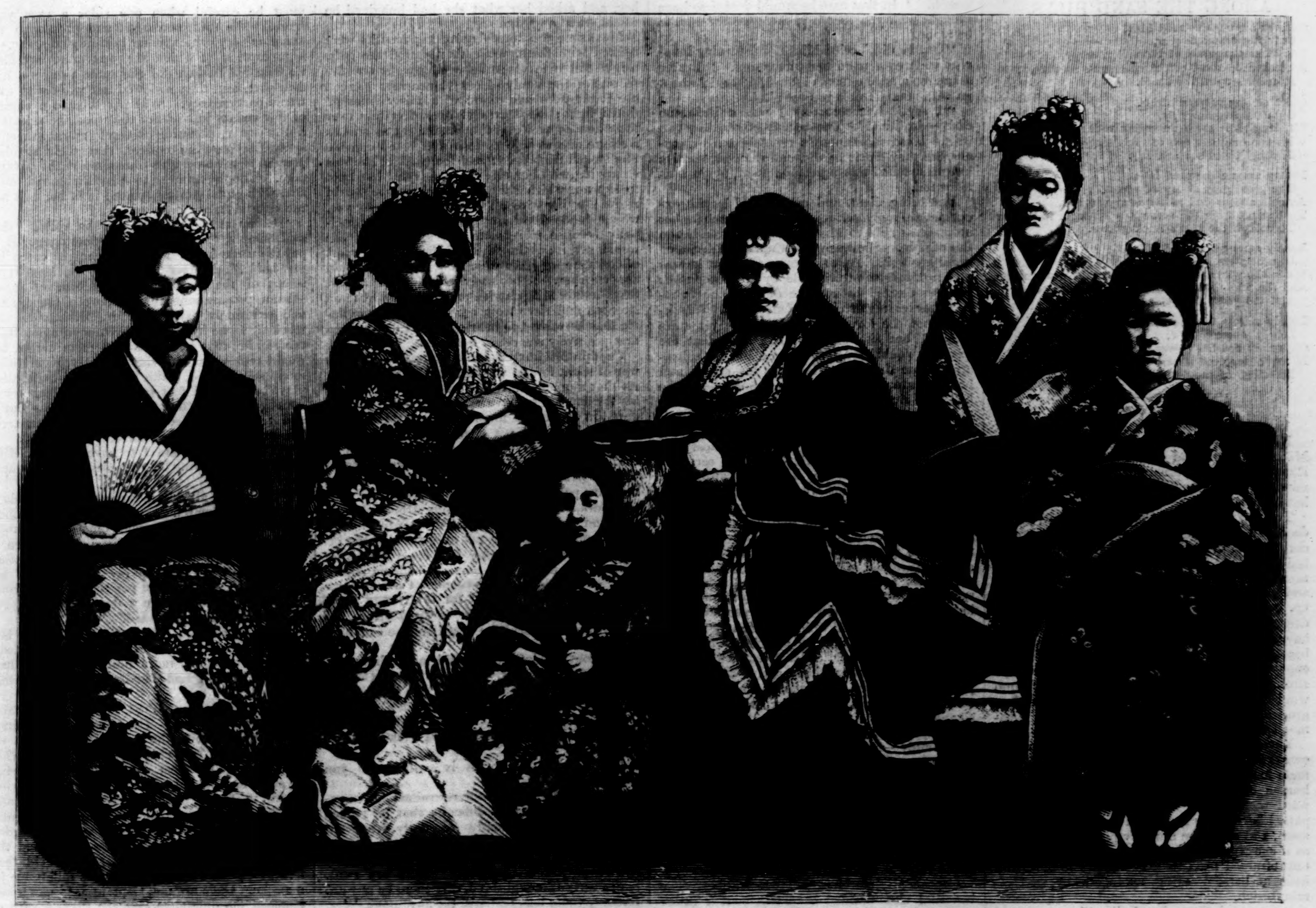
The field of investigation proposed includes the territory east of the Dead Sea and the Jordan Valley, as also Hermon, Lebanon, and the valleys and plains of Northern Syria. A simultaneous prosecution of researches in this field by two such bodies as the American and English societies will probably be productive of very important results, especially if supported with proper official documents from the Turkish government.

As so much of what is now on record in regard to the geography and condition of Palestine is due to Americans, it is much to be hoped that the work may be continued by them toward a successful completion. It is well known that the labors of Dr. Edward Robinson, in 1838, gave the first impulse toward the modern explorations in the Holy Land. His report of that exploration, as also that of a second one made in 1852, continues to this day the great storehouse of information upon the geography of the country. The first critical examination of the Dead Sea was made in 1848 by Lieutenant Lynch, of the United States navy, and his report is also a standard authority. Other American works on the same subject are, "The Land and the Book," by Dr. W. M. Thomson, in 1859; "The City of the Great King," by Dr. Barclay, 1858; "Jerusalem—Past and Present," by Mr. Washburne, in 1859; "Illustrations of Scripture," by Professor Hackett, in 1860; and numerous other works of more or less magnitude.

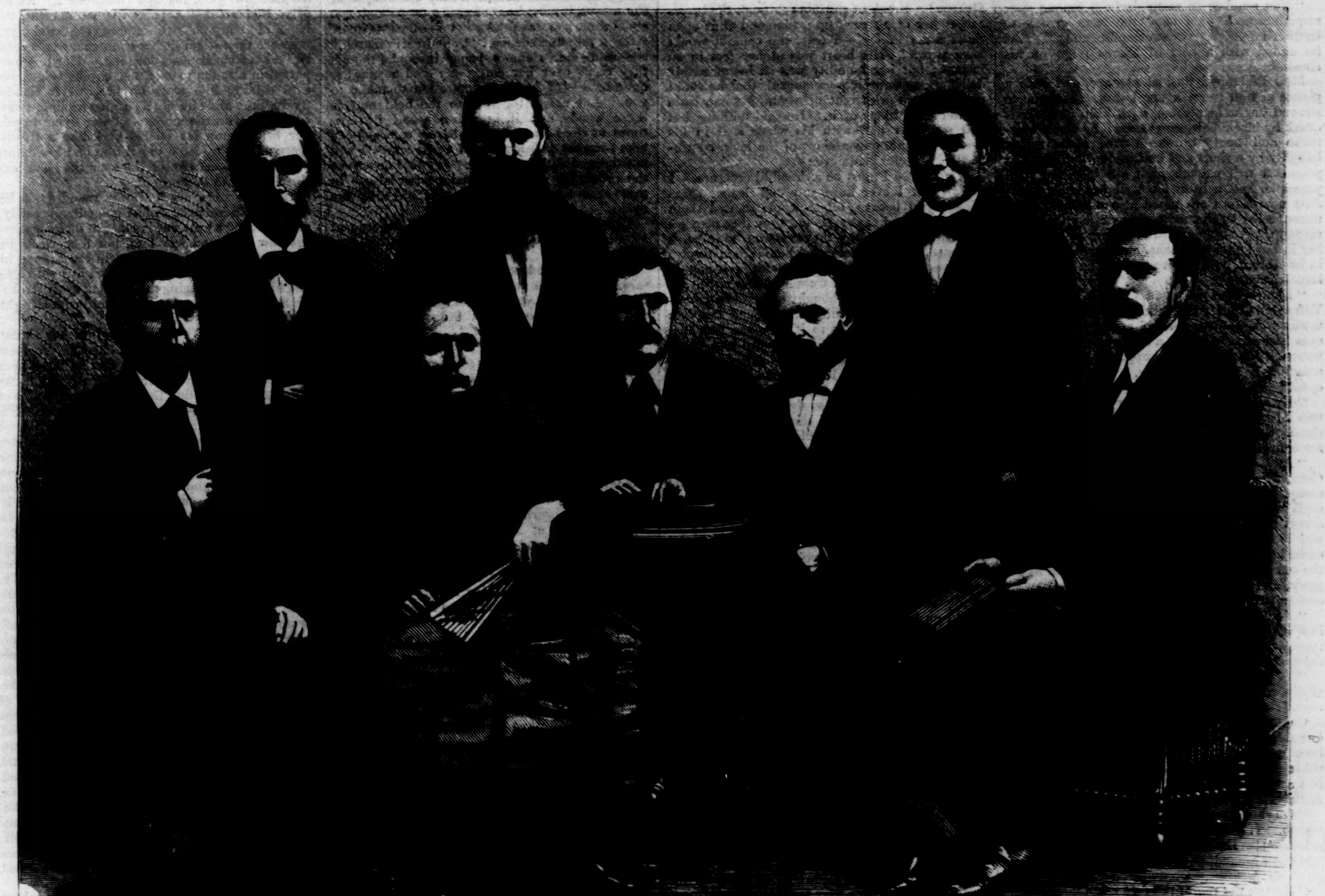

N.Y. TRIBUNE
WHAT I KNOW ABOUT BOLTING H. G
Th. Nast

THE "LIBERAL" CONSPIRATORS (WHO, YOU ALL KNOW, ARE HONORABLE MEN).

"O, LET US HAVE HIM; FOR HIS SILVER HAIR
WILL PURCHASE US A GOOD OPINION,
AND BUY MEN'S VOICES TO COMMEND OUR DEEDS:
IT SHALL BE SAID, HIS JUDGMENT RUL'D OUR HANDS;
OUR YOUTHS, AND WILDNESS, SHALL NO WHIT APPEAR,
BUT ALL BE BURIED IN HIS GRAVITY."—*Julius Cæsar.*



Miss Yoshimas. Miss Onjida. Miss Yamagawa. Mrs. Delong. Miss Tenada. Miss Nagui.



Kido. C. Walcott Brooks, Consul of Japan, San Francisco. M. E. Rice, Interpreter. Ito.
Okubo. Iwakura. C. E. Delong, U. S. Minister. Yamakuchi.

OUR JAPANESE VISITORS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRADLEY & RULOFSON, SAN FRANCISCO.—[SEE PAGE 214.]

AMONG THE SAND HILLS.

SILENCE among the sand hills.
  Only the ceaseless roar,
The thundering roll of the sullen surge,
As, lashed by the black northeaster's scourge,
  It crashes upon the shore.

Quiet among the sand hills.
  Only the sea-mews fly,
Blending their shrill unceasing wail
With the ominous sob of the rising gale,
  Flitting 'twixt sea and sky.

Dreary among the sand hills.
  The great gray sweep of waves,
As cold and as dull as the heavy sorrow,
That seems from the scene new strength to borrow
  To reckon the past's thick graves.

Lonely among the sand hills.
  In a helpless, hopeless woe,
While the wild birds cry and the wild winds moan,
And the white surf creeps over sand and stone,
  And the great tides ebb and flow.

Lonely among the sand hills.
  Lonely where'er I be,
Oh, vainly boasted power of song!
In my bitter need it can but prolong
  The dirge of the desolate sea.

A SPRIG OF CEDAR.

His bridle rein hanging loose, Captain Josiah Mildmarch rode on very moodily; Miss Cora Richmond very contentedly, with a gleam of mischief sparkling in the corners of her eyes, but quite silent.

The way led through the prettiest forest paths, deadened with new-fallen leaves that still showed chrome and crimson sparks amidst the prevailing ember colors. Bright-colored branches of birch and gum and beech met over their heads, and the great oaks made another arch higher up. All sorts of vague, delicious forest sounds deepened the forest silence. They might even have heard the woodpecker "tapping the hollow beech-tree," if their thoughts had been calm enough to let them catch that small, melodious stroke; and now and then the fresh autumn wind made its way through tree and undergrowth, painting a richer crimson in Miss Richmond's brunette cheek.

Yet even with these surroundings to provoke conversation, there was no word between them for a long time. Presently, half forgetting her human companion, Miss Richmond leaned forward with a little impulsive exclamation, and patted her horse's neck, and set her sharp white teeth, and gave him a dainty pinch. She looked as if she would have liked to kiss him as well, but refrained from that, and then she blushed a little at herself, saying, apologetically, to Captain Josiah,

"You see he *is* such a darling!"

The captain's expression grew slightly sarcastic.

"You number so many darlings among your acquaintance!" said he, "the term ceases to be discriminative, or even complimentary." This he added with a sort of bilious tinge on his cheek.

Miss Richmond flushed at once, and stole a glance at him beneath her lashes. The glance showed her a handsome, dark, thin face, shadowed by black hair, emphasized by black mustache and heavy brows—a face made rather haughty by a short and curling lip, but one that promised well enough for generosity and high principle, and a little too well for high spirit. Just now Miss Cora noted also a look of pain, unconcealed by the more evident expression of sarcasm. A singular little choking pang caught her in her left side at that, and again higher up in her throat. Its effect was that she said, again impulsively,

"I know what you mean, Captain Mildmarch. You mean Charley Graham." The tone of these words was almost that of apology. But her eyes flashed rebelliously a moment after, and she went on, hardily, "And suppose I *did* call him a darling? He is a darling. Only think of his eyes!"

"By all means, think of his eyes," said Captain Mildmarch. "But let us only think of them. Surely there are more entertaining themes for conversation."

"And such a nose! pure Greek!" cried Miss Cora, with determined spirit and rising enthusiasm. "And such hair! ambrosial curls, if curls were *ever* ambrosial! I declare, I came across him the other evening leaning in the doorway looking at the sunset; his arms were crossed on his breast, and his chin was down—so; and the red flush from the west enveloped him like a glory, and he looked—yes, he *did* look—like an archangel! And I told him so!"

"You told him so!" said Captain Mildmarch, in a very peculiar tone, that was not exactly interrogation, nor astonishment, nor dismay, nor reproof, but a discreet mixture of all.

"Yes, I told him so; and then he smiled divinely, and looked more like an archangel than ever."

Captain Mildmarch's horse gave a spring to one side and a wrathful snort, which would have been quite unaccountable to one who had not witnessed the sudden sting of the cruel rowel. Not a word did he say, however, and Miss Richmond continued, in a tone of half soliloquy,

"On horseback Charley Graham is simply superb. If you could only have seen him this afternoon! He has gone to ride also—perhaps you knew?—and, poor fellow, he was obliged to go alone!"

"He can not regret the fact more than I do," said Captain Mildmarch, with extreme politeness.

"Nor than I," said Miss Richmond, cheerfully. "He is such a delightful companion. He is always in a good humor, and that is so unusual."

"What a pity he did not understand your appreciation of his society!" said Captain Mildmarch. "In that case he would doubtless have thought with you that it is not good for man to be alone."

"Oh, he did," cried Miss Cora, turning innocent wide eyes upon her companion. "But he asked me a few moments after I had said I would go with you. Don't you see?"

"I see. Unfortunately I was a little too early—for him!" The accent of the last two words saved the captain's reputation for courtesy, but they did it hardly, and the conversation having reached this agreeable point, again a silence fell.

But being silent, and unprovoked by the excitement of reply, self-reproach and shame for her unkindness read to Miss Cora a deserved lesson full of pain. She knew that Captain Mildmarch loved her well. And she knew also that he was a man of sense and principle, by no means to be the less desired because he did not always receive her teasing in a spirit of meekness. Whether or not she loved him she had not yet quite decided, but she was half conscious that the question would have been answered in the affirmative some time since had not his stocks and bonds produced upon her aunt (whose charge she had been since her orphanage) an impression so unfortunately favorable as to cause her to revolt against the proposed connection, because, being desirable, it seemed to be regarded almost as a matter of course. Charley Graham, certainly magnificently handsome, loved her also, in a debonair fashion that would never cause him much hurt. But Charley's eyes and nose and complexion, his mustache and muscle and imperial figure, were his sole claims to consideration. He was a good-hearted rattle-brain, an absurd Antinous, whose praises Miss Richmond sometimes took occasion to sound when the spirit of contradiction was especially strong within. So she communed with herself as they slowly paced up the long hill which their way led them, and concluded by making an effort which, for her, was really heroic. Her attempt was to set matters right between them, and it was accompanied by a resolve, sincere for the moment, that, as the children say, "she never, never would do so any more."

"Captain Mildmarch," she began, a little hesitatingly—and there seemed to her a prophetic consonance in the fact that the road began its descent at the moment that she spoke—"Captain Mildmarch, do you know, I wish you would not mind me, please, when I—when I get into humors. I don't mean *very* much—always. And indeed it makes me worse if people take any notice of me at all!" There was a little quaver in the voice as it ceased.

Captain Mildmarch turned to look at her. The beautiful close-braided head was bent a little; the lashes were drooping; a timid color replaced the defiant flush of some minutes since; there was almost a dimness about the eyelashes. By Heaven! a streak of sunshine through the leaves across her face struck up a diamond glint upon those same lashes!—a tear, the captain would have sworn! His heart was at her feet in an instant; but her humility was so inexpressibly delicious, so entirely phenomenal, that he could not forbear the delight of awaiting some little further exhibitions of it. He said nothing, but still gazed at her, with his whole soul in his eyes; and she, unconscious of the look, continued, with rueful penitence:

"I suppose I must be a dreadful creature. I don't think I ever knew any one else who was wicked just because other people wanted them to be good, and that went on wounding people's feelings just because they showed they *were* wounded!" Miss Richmond here sighed deeply. She was evidently oppressed with a sense of unique depravity. But Captain Mildmarch still remaining silent, she thought her task of reconciliation was to be a difficult one, and this fact somewhat resigned her to it. So she turned a bewitching and repentant face toward him, barely giving him time to drop his delighted eyes and to manufacture a look of hurt pride, which would not have served for a mask a single instant had she not been so deeply engaged with her own enormities. "I think," she said, with timid candor, "that I would be a much better girl if any one knew how to manage me. But nobody does. *I* know what I need: somebody to scold me when I put on airs, and to say, outright, 'Cora Richmond, this is folly! You have not the excuse of being a child, or an idiot! Behave yourself at once, then, or take the just consequences of your absurd behavior!'" This Miss Richmond delivered in a voice so stern and emphatic that her horse pricked up his ears and looked round with some sedate surprise; but seeing nothing, apparently, to warrant decided action on his part, turned his head again to his companion for the comfortable imparting of further equine secrets. "Now, instead of that," Miss Richmond resumed, despondently, "people mind what I say, and try to reason with me. And then I get unbearable. Because, of course, the more they reason with such a—such an obstinate wretch, the more I won't listen to them!" A long sigh. Then, still more timidly, "But don't you think you could forgive my perverseness this afternoon, Captain Mildmarch—indeed, I am going to try to do better!—and be friends again, please?"

Captain Mildmarch found it a little difficult to speak at once in answer to this appeal from the woman he loved, this erratic, high-spirited creature, suing for his forgiveness, and instructing him how to quell her pride! But when he did find words, they were very much to the purpose. He turned toward her with wet, beaming eyes, with a face flushed and radiant. He laid his hand on her bridle rein, and the horses paused. They champed their bits restlessly, and lifted their fore-feet with impatient grace. And with this accompaniment Captain Mildmarch told Miss Richmond what already she knew, that he loved her, and asked her what she had imagined he would, to marry him.

Meantime the horses' quivering mouths were flecked with foam, while they pawed the soft, bright, fallen leaves; the wind sought out the secrets of the shady places; lance rays pierced the forest here and there with misty lines of tinted light; the leaves whispered crisply over their heads; and Miss Richmond sat as still as a statue and as pale as flesh and blood can be. She looked frightened; and the truth is, she was struggling with herself; she was trying hard not to say no, which she was conscious she would regret; trying with all her strength to say yes, which she desired to say, and could not, principally because it seemed half settled that she would say it; feeling herself the helpless sport of obstinate impulses which she hated and could not conquer. Absolutely she longed almost that Captain Mildmarch should seize her by main strength and force from her lips the monosyllable that he wished to hear and she to utter, and that positively she could not speak.

Captain Mildmarch, quite unconscious of this war of silent forces, was agitated as well as she. At that moment he would gladly have given all his fortune not to have spoken at all. He believed in propitious moments; and this one, he felt, too late, was not such. It had followed too quickly upon her repentance. He feared that her haughty spirit might interpret it into a wish to wring from such a mood what he could not have persuaded from a more usual one.

"Cora," he said, finally, using strong self-control, and speaking quietly, "do you not intend to give me any answer, not even the slightest?"

Not an atom of color had crept into Miss Richmond's face, but a sort of shadowy misery had. That was the forerunner of a surrender which was fearfully hard for this young lady, but which, preserving her self-possession, she was aware contained the best likelihood of happiness for her.

Without looking up she said in a calm voice, though she trembled, "Do you know, Captain Mildmarch, the open field that lies just beyond this woodland—at the foot of the hill?"

"Yes, I know it," Captain Mildmarch answered, wonderingly, and waited a few moments in silence.

"Which of our horses is swiftest, do you think?"

Captain Mildmarch still restrained his impatience, but it was with difficulty that he replied calmly to this apparently singularly irrelevant question.

"There is but small choice between them, I should say, Miss Richmond. Both are swift, both nearly thorough-bred. If there be any difference, yours has, perhaps, the advantage."

Miss Richmond sighed softly with an air of relief. "I should surely be allowed something," she said to herself, hardly knowing what she meant, it must be confessed; for with almost equal force she was drawn in opposite directions. After a minute's silence, "Captain Mildmarch," she said—her tremors being invisible, though they crept over her constantly and made her quite cold—"I have a proposition to make to you. Let us go together to the field outside these woods, and if, in going round it three times at the best speed our horses can, you can take from my belt a piece of cedar which I will put there, I will marry you. If you do not take the cedar, let that be a final answer also. In that case never mention the subject to me again."

Captain Mildmarch gazed at the speaker in an astonishment which was not devoid of indignation.

"You can not know the meaning of love," he said, finally, in a very low voice, "or it would be impossible for you to trifle with me so. And you must understand that I do not wish your consent without your heart."

Miss Richmond's eyes were still fixed upon the ground, her face still pale as death.

"Don't misjudge me so harshly," she said, quietly. "Perhaps I do not love you. If I was sure either that I did or did not, I would not answer you so. But, you know, I must give myself *one* chance," she added, again without knowing exactly what she meant.

Not to sacrifice truth to precision, I shall not attempt to dissect the emotions that swayed Captain Mildmarch in twenty directions as he considered this absurd and amazing proposal. He looked intently at Miss Richmond's face, while both sat silent; and mocking his love and wrath and logic, it may have been, after all, only the faint blush which crept into her cheeks at his continued gaze that decided him.

At all events, the silence was broken abruptly by these words:

"It shall be as you please," said Captain Mildmarch. "Have your own way." And the sudden steely gleam in his gray eyes showed that he meant her way should end in his.

She bent her head and lifted her bridle-hand; the horses went forward somewhat more quickly than before, and in less than two minutes they had reached the outskirts of the field of which Miss Richmond spoke.

An "old straw field." Perfectly level, devoid of timber in every part, it was one wide and yellow and waving circumference of the peculiar sedgy growth that testified to its utter sterility, but which, shining in the autumn sun, and moving gracefully with low, crisp sounds in the autumn wind, made this barren island in the timber sea a spot of singular beauty. It was quite uninclosed, and the forest road bisected it into nearly equal parts.

By the time they had reached the place the two actors in this rather peculiar comedy were apparently perfectly cool, and only intent upon the business which brought them. They paused just within the borders of the field, and Miss Richmond dismounted without assistance. "One must be careful when one rides a race, you know!" she said, smilingly, and proceeded to examine very critically her horse's girths, etc.—a precaution of which she was quite capable. Captain Mildmarch did the same thing on his own part, and then reviewed her work with extreme particularity. Walking then to a clump of low cedars just within the wood, he selected a flat sprig, declining several more graceful sprays, because he noticed that their slender pointed tips would give him some slight advantage. This he handed to Miss Richmond, and she, with equal gravity, placed it in her belt on the right side.

"Going at the rate we will be riding," she said, simply, "there might be some danger if I put it on the left. Your spurs might catch in my habit." Neither seemed in the least conscious of the possibly ludicrous side of these solemn preparations, for both were grave, and one extremely pale. Captain Mildmarch remarked, as he lifted Miss Richmond again into the saddle, that if she thought them unfair, he would remove his rowels. At that Miss Richmond smiled, and, lifting her dress a little, displayed her small foot graced by a silver spur, which, despite its dainty proportions, was sharp and meant for service. Captain Mildmarch bowed and mounted his horse.

"What advance am I to have?" asked Miss Richmond, throwing her eyes observantly around the field.

"I can not allow you more than ten yards," Captain Mildmarch answered, with decision. "Take your position yonder, opposite that reddish sweet-gum tree; I will remain where I am. You can see me without turning your head, and when I drop my handkerchief we will start. As you have put the cedar on your right side, you will have a double advantage—to take it, I must ride outside."

Without replying, Miss Richmond bent her head, and moved forward to the point indicated; and in a moment more the handkerchief had fluttered to the ground, and this strange contest had begun.

Both were well mounted, both rode well, and both were in earnest. The horses were, at first, far from partaking the keen determination of their riders. But shortly, urged on by whip and spur, the foremost, excited by the clattering of swift feet behind, the hindmost by the flying figure in front, their outstretched necks and steady, long stride, their straining muscles and eyes of fire, made a magnificent spectacle, which had only solitude for a witness, as around the utmost verge of the waving golden field they flew at a pace that had hardly the difference of a stroke. Once around, Captain Mildmarch had lessened the difference between them a yard or two, but not enough to promise victory. A gleam like a sword-gleam shone in his eyes; his face was pale, his lips compressed. As for Miss Richmond, the pace, the excitement, the hope of triumph—whose cost she could not measure then—had lit her countenance gloriously, and her beauty was dazzling. Her lips were parted in a radiant smile, her cheeks aglow, her eyes shining like stars on fire. Her slender figure, lithe and straight as a pine sapling, swayed lightly with the motions of her flying horse; her bridle-hand lay on his neck like a thistle-down; her whip-hand urged him on; her dainty foot spared no stroke of the spur that had long since ceased to be needed.

But they were not half-way round again before Captain Mildmarch had gained perceptibly; and throwing a backward glance of interrogation, she saw this, and saw him, not four yards behind her, leaning far forward in the saddle, his face white, his teeth clinched and lips set close, and his rowels bringing the blood at every stroke; his angry horse clearing the ground with a frightful rush that meant victory.

Miss Richmond's heart leaped to her throat, and the blood sank from her cheeks. A dozen stinging blows fell with her utmost force upon the haunches of her excited and rushing horse, a dozen times she dug the sharp, small points of her spur with all her strength into his side. She heard Captain Mildmarch laugh behind her—a slight, strange laugh, of which he was not conscious—and she gasped with a sort of horror. At that instant the thin earth covering a stone-hole gave way, and caught her horse's fore-foot, and the creature stumbled, almost falling. Flying past, Captain Mildmarch reached out his hand, but he missed the cedar, and came too near. His own rowel, now turned outward, sank into and tore the flesh of Miss Richmond's horse. She, in her turn, whipped and spurred. The horse recovered himself from his half fall, and now, thoroughly crazy, the maddened, ill-treated brute stretched his neck low along the ground, uttering snorts of rage and pain, and flew, not around, but straight across the field, at a pace that only madness could have made possible, and only folly would have attempted to overtake.

Miss Richmond had altogether lost control of him. He answered no more to the reign than harnessed lightning would have answered. Frightened and infuriated, he was simply running away with her, and the race was at an end. Captain Mildmarch, seeing this, stopped suddenly, and shrieked after her, "For God's sake, keep your seat! Keep your seat, for God's sake! Try to get into the road!" And the anguish and the horror of these last words no tongue can tell; for to miss the road through the wood was certain death, and the field was entirely uninclosed, as I said before.

Miss Richmond had nothing to do now, however, with the way the horse went or did not go. She kept her seat, but with infinite difficulty; the wild, swaying motions, the bent head and neck, of the creature she rode making it next to a physical impossibility, sitting as a lady sits. Her head whirled; her thoughts grew confused and purposeless; the air felt solid and heavy on each side of her cheeks, as if she were a wedge driven through it. A thousand contradictory and absurd thoughts filled her mind; but behind them all rose the thought that her life was ended, and a wild, hopeless prayer that seemed to have been distracting her heart for hours of anguish. Meantime it had certainly not been half a minute since her horse had risen from his stumble. When he entered the wood, by the grace of Heaven he took the road, the same way that they had come; and here the long hill that they had descended to reach the field of course now ascended. And up this hill the horse plunged on, snorting, swaying, infuriated, perfectly uncontrolled. But at the top of the hill his mad rush ended; he struck violently upon a half-imbedded stump, and fell headlong upon his knees, and Miss Richmond rolled over his head, the horse picking himself up and continuing his wild career.

Miss Richmond was not in the least hurt; she was not even stunned. She lifted herself from the ground with an inexpressible astonishment at finding herself alive and whole, and in the revulsion of feeling she laughed aloud again and again, her hysterical convulsions being, however, much nearer akin to tears than to merriment.

While she still stood in the same spot from which she had risen, half glad and half amazed, her ear caught the sound of quick-coming horse's feet, and through the opening in the trees she saw her suitor and cavalier, still at some distance, but riding rapidly toward her. A strange impulse darted into her head, and she acted upon it without thought—her usual mode of acting, by-the-way. She laid herself at length upon the ground at the road-side, with her head against a stone, and waited. She was white as the dead from the strong excitement through which she had just passed, and she lay there a breathing picture of loveliness in death. The cedar still remained in her belt.

Here in the depth of the wood the shadows had already begun to close, and gazing in but one direction ere she prepared to simulate the last sleep, and gauge her lover's love by his grief, she had not noticed another figure on horseback sauntering toward her at a pace in singular contrast to that by which she had reached the spot. It was Charley Graham, prolonging his solitary afternoon ramble, and still setting his face from home.

Both gentlemen reached the place where she lay at the same moment. At the same moment each noticed the graceful figure, prone and deathly pale; and with irrepressible horror, and low exclamations of despair and of anguish, they threw themselves from their horses and knelt at Miss Richmond's side.

"She is dead!" gasped Captain Mildmarch, not touching her. "She is dead, and I have killed her!" He buried his face in his hands, and said no more.

Charley Graham scarcely heard, and certainly neither understood nor heeded, these words. He lifted the slight wrist, and laid his fingers upon it reverently. "Dead!" he shouted out, "not she! Thank the good Lord! Her pulse is going like a blacksmith's hammer! Dead, indeed! she is stunned! Mildmarch, for God's sake look up and be a man! Tell me what to do! She may die here, for want of help. Mildmarch! if you are not crazy nor an idiot, don't behave as if you were."

Captain Mildmarch was shaking from head to foot like a clump of reeds in a strong wind. He was cold to the heart. But at these words he took his hands from his face, and dared also to touch Miss Richmond's wrist.

Then a surge of color rushed all over his swarthy face; the very anguish of thankfulness obscured his vision. He lifted Miss Richmond's head tenderly from the earth, and he did not detect, in the growing shadows, the quivering of her sweet lips, for her eyes beneath her long lashes had read his very soul in his face, and her wayward heart sent little thrills to her lips that looked as little as possible like insensibility.

"Mount your horse—he stands quiet enough yonder," said Captain Mildmarch, "and go for help, for a carriage, for Miss Richmond's aunt, for a doctor, for any thing that she needs, or can need. And, Graham, move like lightning. There is nothing to be done until you return."

In another moment Charley Graham was gone, and in perhaps another Miss Richmond opened her eyes. Directly afterward she raised herself and looked about her with a half-distraught, wondering air, that approved her a very tolerable actress. The truth is, that, like other impulsive people, she had done something that she was thoroughly ashamed of, and that she hesitated to confess. She did not articulate faintly, "Where am I?" however, because no opportunity was given her for that traditional reintroduction to life, for Captain Mildmarch made all haste to tell her, in an off-hand, slighting manner—not to alarm and excite her—that her horse had run away with her, and the consequence had been a fall, which had stunned her a little. He addressed her in the tone that one would be apt to use to a sick child of rather feeble intellect; for Miss Richmond had not yet spoken, and he was horribly uncertain as to her real state, his love and anguish combining to deprive him of the unobscured use of his vision.

Miss Richmond, pressing her hand upon her forehead, quite disengaged herself from Captain Mildmarch's support. She leaned, instead, against the tree near which she had laid herself down, and a few minutes passed in silence, which her companion longed, but did not dare, to break. Then she said, in a low voice,

"I am very thankful I am not killed. I think I do not wish to die!"

Captain Mildmarch leaned forward.

"If you had been killed," he said, in the same tone, "I should have followed you before morning!"

All the shadows around them then seemed to unite with their own emotions in enforcing silence. It was very beautiful and very still. The last rays flickered in the highest of the forest leaves; lower down the red and yellow and nondescript colors burned fainter through the gathering gloom, and the woodpecker and all the birds were still. The road stretched long below them both ways, for they were at the top of the hill. The only sound to be heard was the distant rush of water; it was water pouring over the disused dam of an old mill, the stream running at the foot of this descent on the side nearest home.

It seemed a long time before any thing farther was said. And then it was Miss Richmond who spoke.

"Did you take the cedar, Captain Mildmarch?" she asked, in a quiet, conversational tone—being, of course, fully aware that it was still in her belt.

In the same manner Captain Mildmarch answered,

"You will find it in your belt, I think; unless it fell from it when you fell."

They saw the carriage coming, attended by an excited and hurrying cortége, before conversation was resumed, and again the young lady broke the silence. This time she rose from the ground, and stood a moment irresolute. Then she approached Captain Mildmarch a little way, and with her eyes cast meekly down, and her lips quivering,

"You have known me a long time, Captain Mildmarch," she said; "you have often seen how whimsical and wayward Heaven made me. But I am sure that neither of us knew until this afternoon how very wickedly absurd I can be. But if, after all, you still would like to have this, you may."

With a doubtful and deprecating air—she was not acting now—she extended the sprig of cedar which had come so near costing her her life.

Captain Mildmarch raised himself only to his knees as he kissed the hand, and retained that, as well as the cedar, for one moment in his own. Be sure that even with the advent of aunt, physician, and rival, he did not relinquish the cedar.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art is now a permanent institution, although its present gallery, No. 681 Fifth Avenue, is only intended for temporary use. It will be remembered that last spring the Legislature of New York made an appropriation of $500,000 for the erection of a building in the Central Park for the accommodation and exhibition of the works of art acquired by the museum. At present the Fifth Avenue gallery contains a valuable collection of paintings, which would be an attractive exhibition in any city in the world. These paintings were purchased in Europe at the beginning of the war between France and Prussia, and their genuineness and merit are fully guaranteed by the names of the well-known art critics who assumed the responsibility of the purchases, and whose competence and authority are regarded by all connoisseurs as beyond dispute. The collection now numbers over a hundred and seventy paintings, being largely composed of representative pictures of the Flemish and Dutch schools, although there are some fine specimens of French, English, Italian, and Spanish paintings. The collection has cost about $140,000, and for future additions much more money will be needed—a want which will doubtless be readily responded to by the liberal donations of generous patrons of art. It is the intention of the managers of the museum to open it free to the public; but until the more commodious building is erected admission tickets must be obtained from officers or subscribers.

There comes a rumor that a high authority in the Japanese government has announced to the officers that as the laws of the country are to be remodeled on the plan of the laws of Christian nations, and as those laws are founded on the Bible, it will be well for them to study the Bible. There is one missionary at Yedo who sells on the average one copy of the Scriptures every day. These things indicate the approach of full religious liberty in that country.

The celebrated tenor Mario was recently married to Lady Harriet Beaufort, of the ducal family of that name. The bride who thus became Marquise de Candia is only twenty-two years of age. The newly married pair will take up their residence in Paris, and the daughters of the bridegroom, who are about the same age as the marquise, will reside with them.

Early marriages in India have been the source of a vast amount of misery and of great wrong to women. A new marriage bill among the Brahmans of India provides that the bridegroom must have completed eighteen years and the bride fourteen in order that the marriage be legal. This is an improvement upon former customs.

The "nose machine" is advertised in an English paper. This novel contrivance is designed to be applied "for an hour daily to the soft cartilages" of the offending member, by which process an ill-formed nose is quickly shaped to perfection. This great invention, however, is only applicable to those noses whose defects lie in the softer and more yielding portions. But every thing is to be hoped from the skill which has accomplished so much. Soon we shall be able, doubtless, to reduce every feature to a desired form and appearance.

March, with its blustering winds, has come upon us. The air is filled with the accumulated *débris* which for months has remained in our unswept streets. We breathe it, we involuntarily eat it; it blinds our eyes, begrimes our faces, and ruins our garments. A March day in Broadway is a penance—if it also chances, as it generally does, to be a windy day. But we are helpless, and must patiently endure what our city fathers lay upon us. Sweeping streets is out of fashion, and we must wait until summer comes, when, perchance, the water-carts may turn the dirt into mud. This will be a slight improvement, as we shall know where the enemy is—now there is no place where it is not.

Writers of mature years may learn some lessons from the earliest efforts of beginners. For example, a teacher requested a little six-year-old boy to write a composition on the subject of water. The following was the result: "Water is good to drink, to swim in, and to skate on when frozen. When I was a little baby the nurse used to bathe me every morning in water. I have been told that the Injuns don't wash themselves but once in ten years. I wish I was an Injun!" Now *that* is coming to the point without unnecessary circumlocution. But how many writers who call themselves experienced perpetrate long preambles which nobody wants to read, and "beat about the bush" in divers ways, before they come to the thing they have in mind to say?

Some of the great banking and assurance companies of London are trying the experiment of employing a special class of women clerks.

Dr. Hall says that the onion is one of the most nutritious, healthful, and detestable articles of food in the market. He further adds that a few grains of coffee eaten immediately afterward, or a tea-spoonful of vinegar swallowed, removes the odor of the breath; and that if onions are half boiled, and then put in a soup to be boiled till done, the odor will be but little noticed. We have seen it mentioned that onions and salt are considered a specific in all cases of snake bite; and that when onions are sliced, and kept in sick-rooms, but frequently changed, they are good disinfectants. But also they are thought by some persons, when thus used, to retain and communicate the virus absorbed for many weeks. By their power of absorption they may thus prevent the spread of an epidemic, but it would also seem that during a prevailing epidemic it would be safer to avoid them as an article of food.

The Paris *American Register*, in speaking of an illustrated article upon "Edouard Frère and Sympathetic Art in France," which recently appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, says, "We should like to add a note to it." The curious circumstance is then mentioned that the Ecouen School of Art, originated by Frère, is about to meet with serious inconvenience by the new French law for compulsory education. There are many artists living in that village, all painting the same kind of pictures—episodes of child life—which the peasant children pose for. When commencing a picture an artist sometimes has twenty boys at the same time in his studio. As the parents of these children are paid a certain sum per day, this employment brings them in quite a little income, and unless the law be enforced the schooling of the more interesting of them will naturally be neglected. Although the artists of Ecouen are liberal, and are interested in the welfare of the village, this new law will be a severe thing to them, as they can only paint during daylight. Education and art, however, go hand in hand, and no doubt the artists of Ecouen will find themselves equal to the emergency, and their ingenuity will help them out of this difficulty.

The "cottage system" of treatment for the insane has been successfully tried during the past year under the direction of Dr. Bemis, of the Worcester (Massachusetts) Asylum, and by authority of the Legislature. Four cottages, situated in a pleasant location on a traveled road, have been occupied by sixty-four patients. The houses are neither barred nor fastened more securely than ordinary houses, and are quiet, well-ordered homes, and the families will bear favorable comparison, socially and industrially, with other families in the neighborhood.

A recent visitor to Alaska mentions as one of the peculiar attractions of the country that it rains there 240 days in the year. The highest average temperature for the hottest summer mouth is 58.3°. Nevertheless, grass, potatoes, and most kinds of roots can be produced, but cabbages will not head, nor tomatoes ripen; corn and most kinds of fruit are impossible luxuries; berries are abundant enough, but they are flavorless. In December the days are less than six hours long, and in June there is no night to speak of; in clear weather "twilight lingers till midnight to meet the dawn."

One Elder Weaver asserts that he read the whole of the Bible aloud in fifty-nine hours and thirty minutes. The hours were not consecutive, but he kept an exact account of the time spent. This reading was a matter of curious experiment, for such rapid reading of such a book could benefit but little.

London complains that the luxury of a glass of pure water is denied to the wealthiest community in the world. There is no "constant supply" in any part of the city, and the sediment from sewerage is retained in cisterns for weeks and months. The query is pertinently made in an English paper, "Why do not the temperance advocates come to our aid? For how can a vast population, supplied with such an execrable fluid, be expected to be a temperate and water-drinking population?"

It is said that the Czar of Russia has no sleeping-room properly his own in the Winter Palace; but that each night he chooses one from the many unoccupied ones, slips quietly into it when his work is done, and sleeps. The Czar is very generally beloved by his subjects, yet by this precaution he is probably safer than if his door were well known and most carefully guarded.

Wutappesittukxuussuodwctukquoh is Indian for a single sentence in the Bible—namely, "He, falling down upon his knees, made supplication to him." It occurs in Eliot's Algonquin translation of the Bible—but that does not make it any the less a fearful word to pronounce. Another nice little Indian word is *Wuppahkhuhtnpepeuenwutchutchqokanshehsenlnnxmuuunkail.* It means only "Our well-skilled looking-glass-makers."

Somebody who "knows how it is" himself writes pleasantly to an exchange concerning the small-pox. Among other things, he assures his readers that they "can't imagine how good it makes one feel to have it, get well, and then walk around and realize that he is safe for evermore."

Western stock-raisers assert that the American buffalo, by change of diet and training from an early age, can be domesticated, and made to do such useful work as that for which oxen are used.

More novelties are the result of accident than is generally supposed. The origin of blue-tinted paper came about by a mere slip of the hand. William East, an English paper-maker, once upon a time set his men to work, and went away on business. While the men were at dinner Mrs. East accidentally let a blue-bag fall into one of the vats of pulp. Alarmed at the occurrence, she determined to say nothing about it. Great was the astonishment of the workmen when they saw the peculiar color of the paper, and great the anger of Mr. East when he returned and found that a whole vat of pulp had been spoiled. After giving the paper made from it warehouse room for four years, Mr. East sent it up to his agent in London to be sold "for what it would fetch." "For what it will fetch!" said the agent, misunderstanding the meaning; "well, it certainly is a novelty, but he must not expect too much." So he sold the whole at a considerable advance upon the market price, and wrote to the mills for as much more as he could get. The surprise of Mr. East may be imagined. He hastened to tell his wife, who found courage to confess her share in the fortunate accident, and to claim a reward, which she received in the shape of a new cloak. Mr. East kept his secret, and for a short time supplied the market with the novel tint, until the demand far exceeded the supply, and other makers, discovering the means used, competed with him.

The corporation of the city of Dublin have constructed a hot-air chamber in which clothing and bedding are disinfected for the public at a moderate charge. The theory is that contagious germs are destroyed at a temperature considerably lower than that at which the goods would be injured. The hot-air compartment is so arranged that no emanations from the infected clothes can pass into the open air, so that the atmosphere can not be tainted.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The wife of an Irish gentleman being suddenly taken ill, the husband ordered a servant to get a horse ready to go for a doctor. By the time, however, that the horse was ready, and the note to the doctor written, the lady had recovered; on which he added the following postscript and sent the servant off: "My wife having recovered, you need not come."

The End of the World—To make money.

Medford and New Bedford, althqugh their names rhyme, occasionally don't quite harmonize, as witness the following. The Medford editor perpetrates this:

"There was a fair maiden of Medford
Who was 'smashed on' a youth in New Bedford;
But he smelled so of oil
That his suit it did spoil—
Oleaginous chap of New Bedford."

To which a New Bedford editor responds:

"There was a fine lad in New Bedford
Fell in love with a lady in Medford;
But she smelled so of rum
He was quite overcome—
This prohibitory youth of New Bedford."

If domestic infelicity drives men to sea, they should seek the Pacific Ocean.

Can a watch be said to be perfectly dry when it has a running spring inside?

When does a cab-horse enjoy a melancholy pleasure?—When he can indulge in "the luxury of Woh."

The word "state" spelled backward is "etats" in French. It is not safe, however, to learn French simply by going back on your English.

Why is a coach going down a steep hill like St. George?—Because it is always drawn with a drag-on.

The best Paint for Faces—Water-colors.

When does a man feel girlish?—When he makes his maiden speech.

"Oh, grandma," cried a mischievous little urchin, "I cheated the hens so nicely just now! I threw them your gold beads, and they thought they were corn, and they ate them up as fast as they could."

Clergymen and brakemen do the most coupling.

When is a ship like a scarf-pin?—When it is on the bosom of a heavy swell.

What can a man have in his pocket when it is empty?—A big hole.

At a recent spiritual circle the spirits being asked if sickness was known in the other world, promptly rapped in reply, "Cholera-in-phantom."

The Battle-Cry for the Rich—To *alms!*

A Providence policeman asked a drunken Ethiope, whom he could scarcely see in the dim light of a cell, "Are you colored?" "Colored! no; dis yer chile born so."

Disciples of Knox—Prize-fighters.

Mrs. Partington entered the office of the probate judge (called "civilian") and inquired, in her blandest tones: "Are you the civil villain?" "Do you wish to insult me, madam?" said the judge. "Yes," replied the amiable old lady; "my brother died detested and left three infidel children, and I'm to be their executioner: so I want to insult the civil villain about it."

How to make a Clean Sweep—Wash him.

When is a lot of corn like a corner lot?—When it's ground.

Why is milk like the tread-mill?—Because it strengthens the calves.

"Professor of the Accumulative Art"—The California term for thief.

Difficult Punctuation—Putting a stop to a gossip's tongue.

An Irish doctor advertises that all persons afflicted with deafness may hear of him in a house on Diffey Street, where also blind persons may see him daily from three to ten o'clock.

The Acrobats of every Household—The pitcher and tumbler.

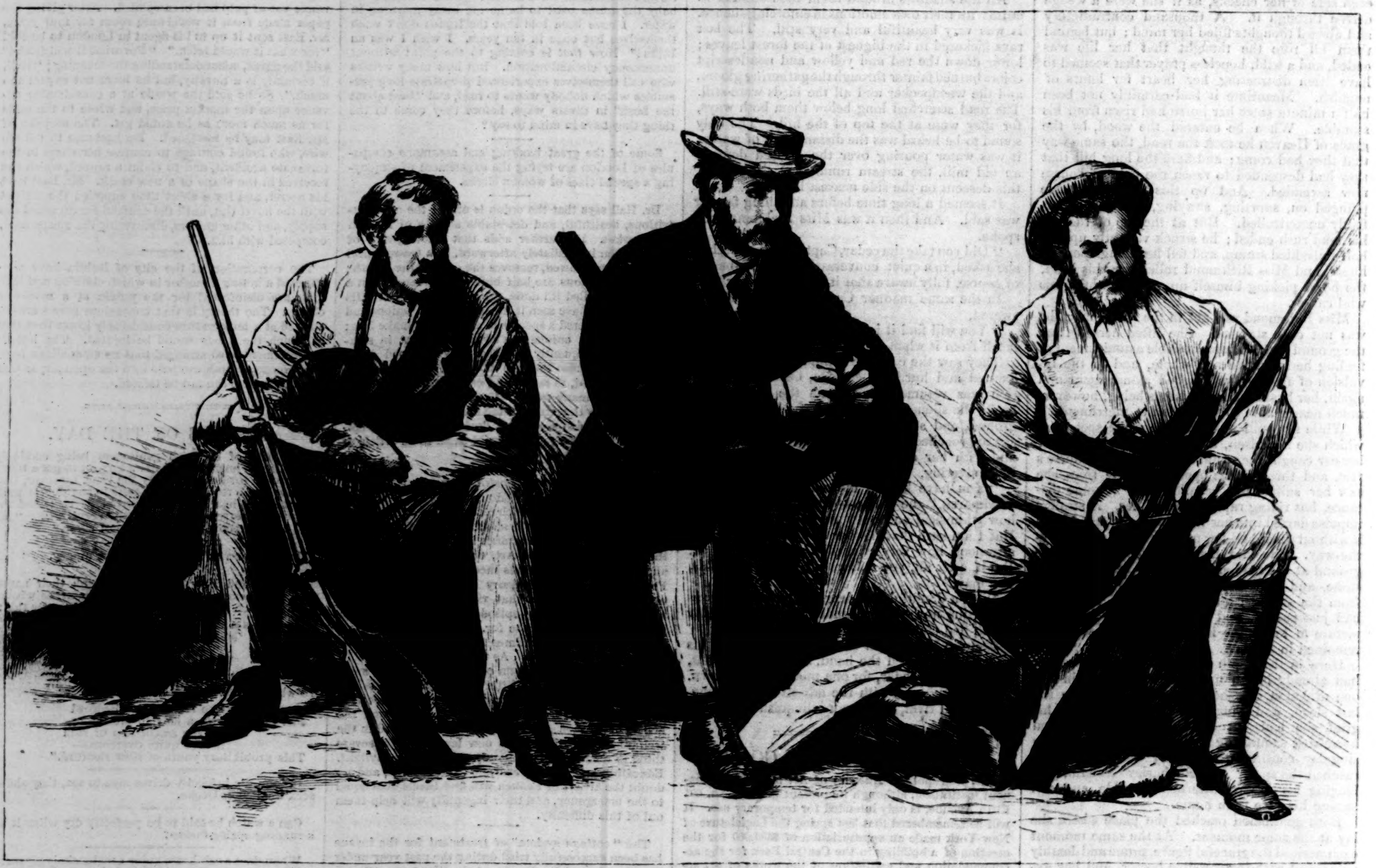
"Please, Sir," said a little girl who was sweeping a crossing for a living, "you have given me a bad penny." "Never mind, little girl; you may keep it for your honesty."

The Hunting Season—Leap-year.

Strange, but True.—1872 will contain only forty-six weeks, for the other six will be Lent.

Douglas Jerrold once said to a very thin man, "Sir, you are like a pin, but without the head or the point."

This "joke" is credited to an American visitor in England. "Wa'al, stranger," he is reported to have said, "I guess your English juries ain't smart nohow. If an American jury had tried the Tichborne case, I tell you what they'd have done. They'd just have bought up all the Tichborne bonds, and then found a verdict for the plaintiff."



W. O. LIVINGSTONE, ESQ. LIEUTENANT L. S. DAWSON. LIEUTENANT W. HENN.

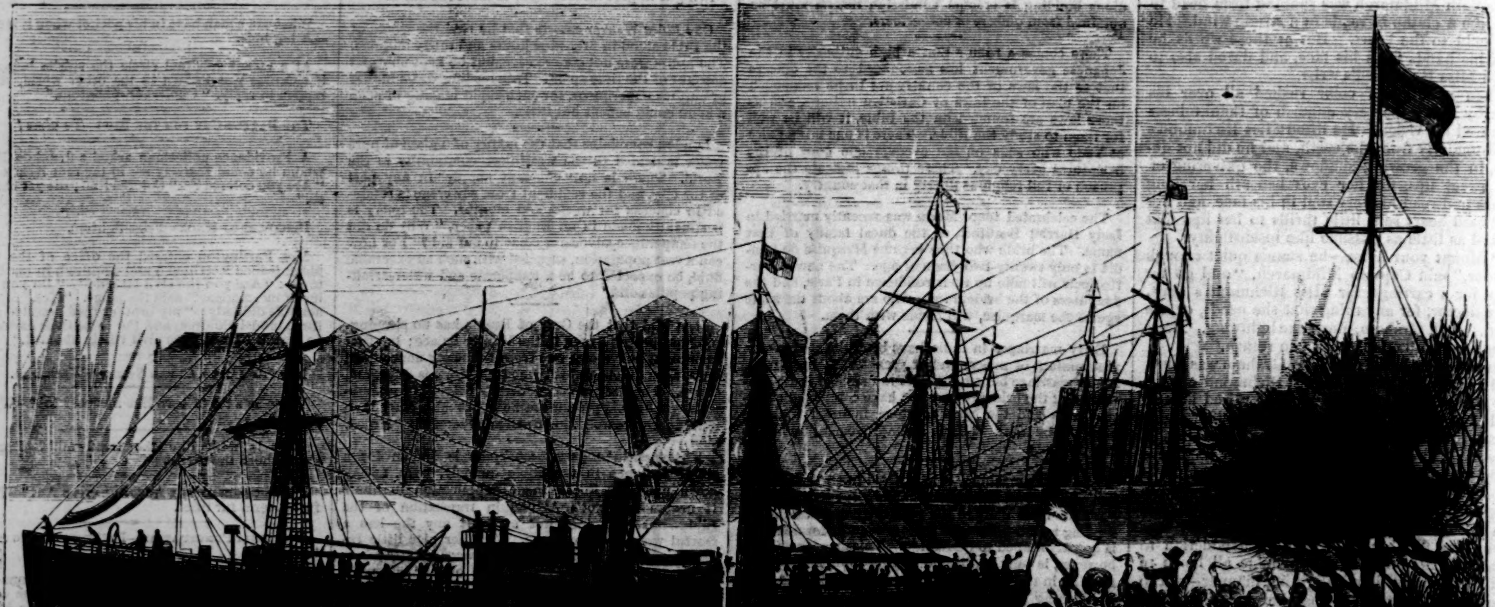
THE SEARCH FOR LIVINGSTONE—THE LEADERS OF THE EXPEDITION.

THE SEARCH FOR LIVINGSTONE.

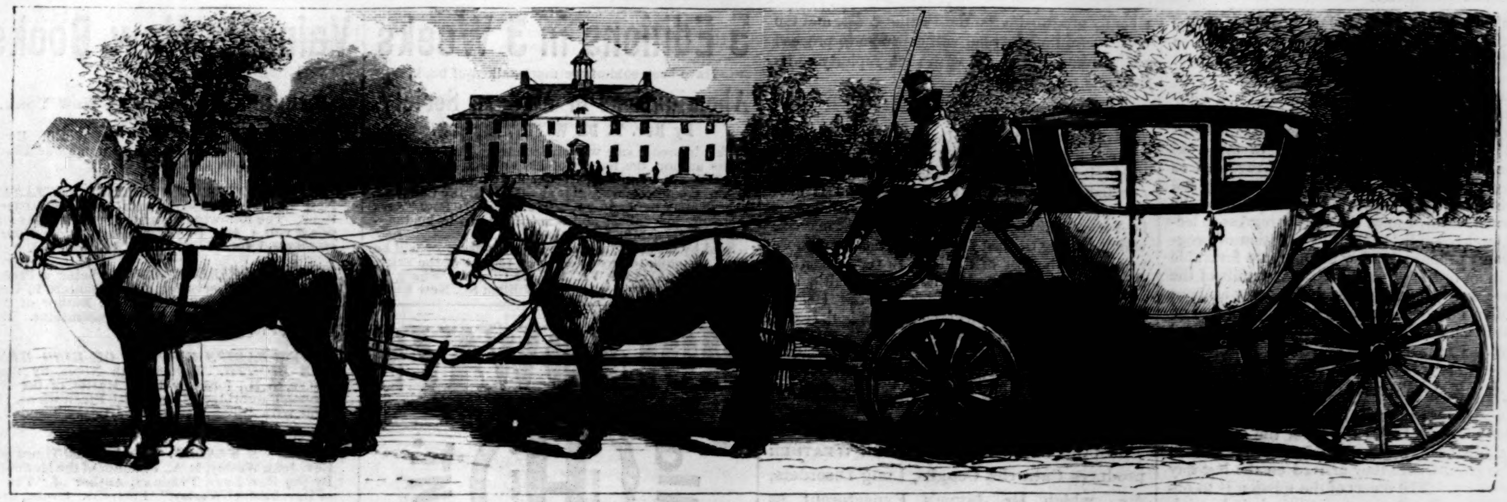
The expedition sent to Zanzibar, on the east coast of Africa, to make its way thence inland to Lake Ujiji or Tanganyika, beyond which, in the interior of that vast continent, it will look for Dr. Livingstone, started from England on the 9th of February, in the steamship *Abydos*. It was expected that the party would reach Port Said in fifteen or sixteen days from the time of sailing, and that the whole duration of the voyage to Zanzibar via the Suez Canal would be about thirty-five days. On their arrival at Zanzibar the expedition will be joined by 150 men, 100 of whom are native porters, and 50 soldiers lent by the Sultan of Zanzibar.

The expedition is under command of Lieutenant Llewellyn Styles Dawson, a young officer scarcely twenty-five years of age, but who has seen service, having been employed in the Upper Yang-Tse River surveying expedition of Consul Swinhoe in 1869, and in the survey of the River Plate in 1870. His second in command is Lieutenant William Henn, R.N., who first served in the West Indies, but since then in her Majesty's ships *Daphne* and *Dryad*, in the Red Sea and on the east coast of Africa, where his experience in the pursuit and capture of slavers must have peculiarly qualified him for the task he has now on hand. Mr. William Oswell Livingstone, second son of Dr. Livingstone, accompanies the expedition. He was born in September, 1851, on the banks of the Zonga, near Lake Ngami, but has, during the last three years, been a student of medicine at the University of Glasgow. Mr. New, who was engaged in the Mombas mission, is to act as interpreter.

The *Abydos* is an iron screw steamer, built last year on the Clyde. She has been fitted out with every care for the health and comfort of those on board, and takes out a large quantity of stores for the use of the Livingstone Search Expedition, including arms, ammunition, instruments, clothing, victualing, and medical appliances. It is now many months since Dr. Livingstone has been heard from, and the members of the expedition will have only conjecture and the uncertain reports of natives to guide them in their search for the missing traveler. Scientific men are divided in opinion as to his safety, and there is apprehension that the expedition will only ascertain the fact of his death.



THE SEARCH FOR LIVINGSTONE—THE "ABYDOS" LEAVING THE LONDON DOCKS.



WASHINGTON'S CARRIAGE.—[Photographed by C. F. May, Hoboken, New Jersey.]

WASHINGTON'S CARRIAGE.

One of the most interesting incidents of the grand parade in this city on the 22d of February was the appearance in the procession of a carriage of venerable and antique structure which once belonged to George Washington. The carriage, which is nearly a century old, was drawn by four horses driven by a member of the order of United American Mechanics. It is, of course, but a mere wreck: portions of the old lamps are still remaining; the windows are entirely gone, but some parts of the green Venetian blinds are still there. The vehicle is unlike any of the present day; the body of the carriage can only be compared to a monstrous chapeau turned upside down, and hung upon leather springs, by which all personal discomfort to the rider is prevented, even when passing over the roughest kind of road, for only a pleasant swinging motion is produced. The lower portion is a dirty yellow, the upper black. It will seat four persons comfortably, provided they are of moderate size. Behind the carriage is a sort of cushion, covered with leather, on which the footman stood in the olden time.

This venerable vehicle was built in Philadelphia for General Washington during his first Presidential term. On his departure for Mount Vernon it was presented by him to Miss Powell, who retained possession of it till her death, when it descended to her nephew, Colonel John Hare Powell, a wealthy and influential citizen of Philadelphia. In order to preserve it, this gentleman built a coach-house on his premises at Powelton, where it was housed for many years. His estate having been purchased by a railroad company, the carriage was sent for safe-keeping to the establishment of Mr. William Dunlap, in Philadelphia, in whose possession it still remains.

For some years past the carriage has been a prominent feature in patriotic processions in Philadelphia and other cities. It was the principal attraction at the Philadelphia Sanitary Fair, when thousands of visitors were allowed, for a trifling fee, to sit on the cushions once occupied by the Father of his Country. It was procured for the recent procession by Mr. William H. Mather, of Hoboken, New Jersey, a prominent member of the order of United American Mechanics, to whose courtesy we are indebted for the photograph from which our illustration was made.

ROMISH IDOLS.—THE CRADLE.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

The idols and the relics of Rome probably exceed in number those of any other city, ancient or modern, and the accumulated spoils of centuries of superstition—of holy hair or teeth, of bones, clothing, and utensils, of dolls and puppets, of paintings by Luke and needle-work by the Virgin, of nails, splinters of wood, and chains from the prisons of the Apostles, of an infinite collection of insignificant and worthless articles—have been adopted by popes and priests as a necessary element of the true faith. The idolatry of the present age has surpassed all preceding systems in folly. Tyre and Carthage, worshipers of the brazen Moloch, were at least moderate and respectable compared to the degrading imbecility of the Roman ritual. Moses would have seen with strange contempt the graven images of the papal city; Numa would have wondered at the degradation of his posterity. No chief of Congo has so many fetiches, no Greek or Roman capital was reduced to so low a grade of religious worship, and the throngs of spectators who have annually gathered to witness the splendid pageants of papal idolatry can never complain that they have been disappointed in the numbers or the variety of the objects of veneration.

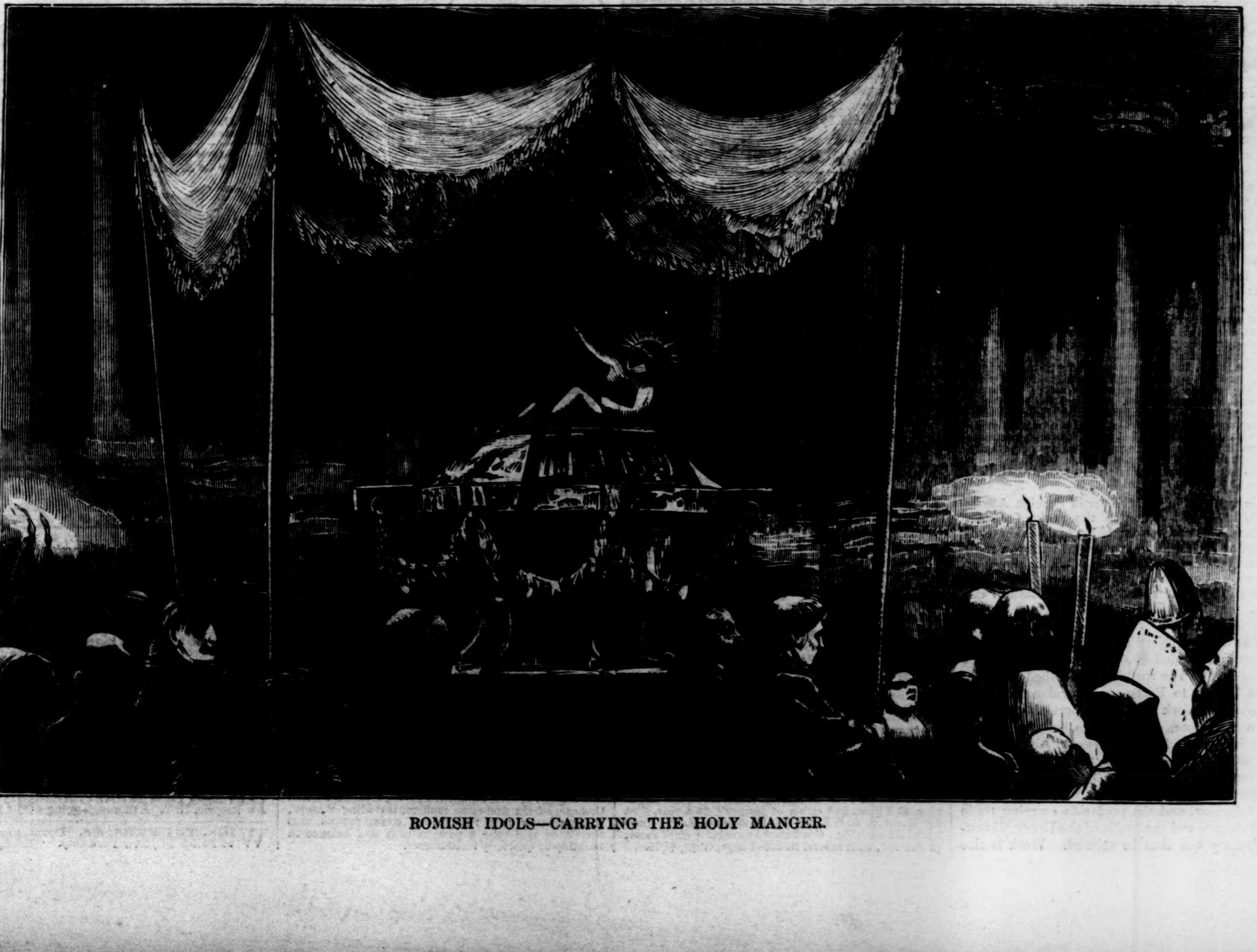
The artist has represented on this page one of the rare treasures of the Roman Church. Twice only in each year the cradle of the babe Christ is exhibited at the basilica of St. Maria Maggiore. On Christmas-day a great throng fills the ancient church; a thousand candles gleam over the dim and motley scene; incense rises in thick clouds; the softest music floats from unseen lips; and there, beneath a canopy, is placed, inclosed in a rich urn of silver and of crystal, the true cradle of Bethlehem. The music pauses, the service ends, the relic is reverently lifted up by attendant priests with awe and fear, and a stately procession moves down the nave to exhibit the cradle to all the people. The crowd presses forward to gaze; the superstitious tremble at the near approach of the Holy Manger; the Roman pickpocket abstracts the purse of the adoring convert—nor can priest or pope blame him for a theft less hurtful than their own unblushing fraud. No one of any intelligence believes that the Holy Cradle is any thing but a deception or a delusion. Ignorance and fanaticism, cunning and avarice, are the common source of Roman idolatry. The Bambino and the Holy Cradle, the hair or clothes of the Virgin, the thorn from the crown, a piece of the true cross, of the sponge, the seamless coat, the finger of St. Thomas, the under-garment of the Virgin, and the endless list of relics and idols, indicate only the extreme degradation of the human intellect under the papal rule.

The school-master, it seems, is about to visit Rome, notwithstanding the severe denunciation of a Manning or the painful lamentation of a pope. It is doubtful if the papal city can long retain its pre-eminence as the chief centre of modern idolatry. When schools are plentiful; when it is taught that graven images are an abomination; that a wicked priest is worse than a wicked layman; that honesty, morality, and humanity are needful even to a successor of St. Peter; that papal Rome has been for ages a den of crime, of tyranny, and of fraud—it is probable that a host of relics will be thrown into the Tiber, and a new reform sweep over the capital. Why should not the Roman people elect the next pope, in accordance with the privileges of their ancestors?

A NEW BALLOON.

During the long siege of Paris by the Germans, when balloons formed the only means by which the inhabitants of the beleaguered capital could hold communication with the rest of France, the problem of aerial navigation was the subject of anxious practical investigation. It was easy enough to make the ascent; but whether the voyagers should descend in hostile or friendly territory depended altogether upon the direction and strength of the wind, while there was no way of insuring a safe return. Messengers could depart in comparative security, but getting back was a matter of sheer good luck.

To remedy this state of things an inventive Frenchman, M. Dupuy de Lome, himself a practical balloonist, set to work to invent a balloon that could be propelled against the wind. Before his scheme was brought to perfection the war closed, and it was not called into practical use. The inventor persevered, however, and a few weeks ago he was ready to give a public trial of the advantages of his new aerial ship. It is ovoid in shape, as may be seen in our illustration on page 204, and is provided with a propelling screw and a rudder. From the scanty descriptions in the French papers it appears that the screw must be capable of working both ver-



ROMISH IDOLS—CARRYING THE HOLY MANGER.

tically and laterally. M. De Lome made the ascent with no fewer than fifteen persons. The machine was brought head to the wind at a height of about a thousand feet; but although the screw was kept hard at work, the voyagers were taken northward in obedience to a southerly wind, very much as if they were in a balloon of the old-fashioned sort. They landed at last in safety at Noyon, in Picardy; and the trip is regarded as having proved that if M. De Lome can not sail with his "air-ship" directly against the wind, he can considerably retard the usual progress to leeward, and possibly change the direction of progress so as to make it a few points more favorable than in an ordinary balloon. The details of the trip are scanty, but the French Academy is about to issue a memoir containing a full description of the balloon and a history of the experimental voyage.

OUR JAPANESE VISITORS.

We give on page 209 two interesting groups, one showing the ladies the other the gentlemen of the Japanese embassy to this country, now in Washington, where they arrived on the last day of February. The object of the mission is to obtain information as to the political, industrial, and social affairs of this country, and to gain instruction in reference to the renewal of the existing treaties with the treaty powers. It was not authorized to make new treaties, but to ask an extension of those now existing until the Japanese should have time to inform themselves as to their revision. The embassy consists of a Chief Embassador, Iwakura, who has been described in dispatches to the government as a person always in attendance on the Emperor. He is accompanied by three Vice-Embassadors, one of whom, Governor Ito, is well known in Washington. There are twenty-one members of the embassy, who are the chief officers of eight different departments of the government of Japan, and who are instructed to make inquiry into the management of similar departments in the United States and foreign countries. The embassy is accompanied by the United States minister at Japan, Mr. DeLong, and his wife, whose portraits are shown in our illustrations.

At a dinner recently given to the embassy in San Francisco, Mr. Delong, in reply to the toast, "Our relations with Japan," gave an interesting summary of the progress which modern ideas have made in that ancient empire within a few years past. The daimios have surrendered their principalities to secure a consolidated government under the Emperor; a powerful war fleet, comprising ten steamers and several iron-clads, has superseded the rude war junks to which the Chinese still cling; a fine railroad has been completed from Yedo to Yokohama, and is operated by natives; several telegraph lines, worked by Japanese operatives, are already constructed, and others are projected; light-houses and light-ships have been constructed at all necessary points along the Japanese coast, where well-kept beacons guide and welcome commerce in safety to their ports; hundreds of the young nobility of Japan are being educated in the United States and in Europe; a college, numerously attended, is in full operation in Yedo, under the jurisdiction of an American gentleman, assisted by European and American subordinates; private schools are numerous throughout the empire, conducted by foreigners; and with Mr. Delong came five Japanese ladies, whose portraits are given in our illustration, seeking foreign culture, and marking by their advent the promise of a most noble reform.

Sionii Tomomi Iwakura, head of the embassy, and Junior Prime Minister of Japan, was born in September, 1825. His first public audience at court was in December, 1838. He was appointed to the Privy Council in December, 1863, soon after the formation of the present government. He was elected Vice-President of the Ministry (cabinet) January 9, 1868. The title of "Sionii," the second honorary grade of the imperial order, was conferred upon him February, 1869. This is the first title below the imperial title. On the 26th day of September, 1869, the Emperor issued the following decree:

> "Tomomi,—Being zealous in strengthening the imperial authority throughout our empire, you have at length succeeded in establishing our government in its present form, and have taken upon yourself this great task of administration.
>
> "You have, indeed, labored industriously, vigorously, and nobly at this difficult task, and your plans and suggestions have always been suited to the requirements of our empire. You are the founder of our present style of government and the indispensable member of my councils. As I am heartily gratified with your distinguished merit, it is my pleasure to bestow upon you the augmental salary perpetually, without chance of discontinuation.
>
> "In future I expect to rely upon your assistance as much as I have in the past."

He was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs July, 1871, and raised to the rank of Junior Prime Minister October, 1871, and is now Embassador Extraordinary, charged with the most important mission that has ever left the shores of Japan, and one more important than any which ever reached our shores from any Eastern nation.

The sales of Northern Pacific Bonds during February exceeded $1,000,000, and for January $1,514,000. The road is now finished 250 miles from Duluth to Fargo, and regular trains are running. Work is also progressing rapidly through Dakota, and contracts have been made to finish the track to the Missouri River early in the ensuing autumn. At the crossing of the Missouri River the road will connect with a line of steamers running 700 miles further west, to Fort Benton, and the profitable carrying trade of Montana, and the traffic of the Upper Missouri country will thus be secured. Work is also steadily progressing on the Pacific coast, and the construction of the road will continue to proceed eastward and westward with such rapidity as its interests may warrant.

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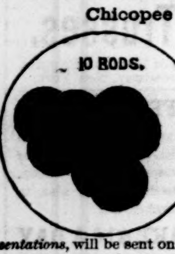

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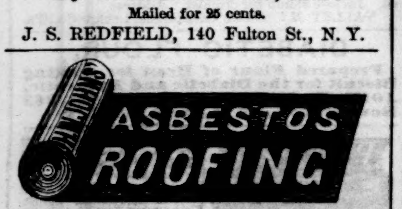

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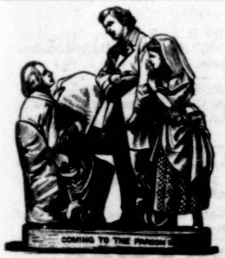

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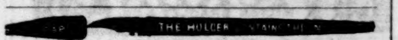

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LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER	" 42
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Vol. V.

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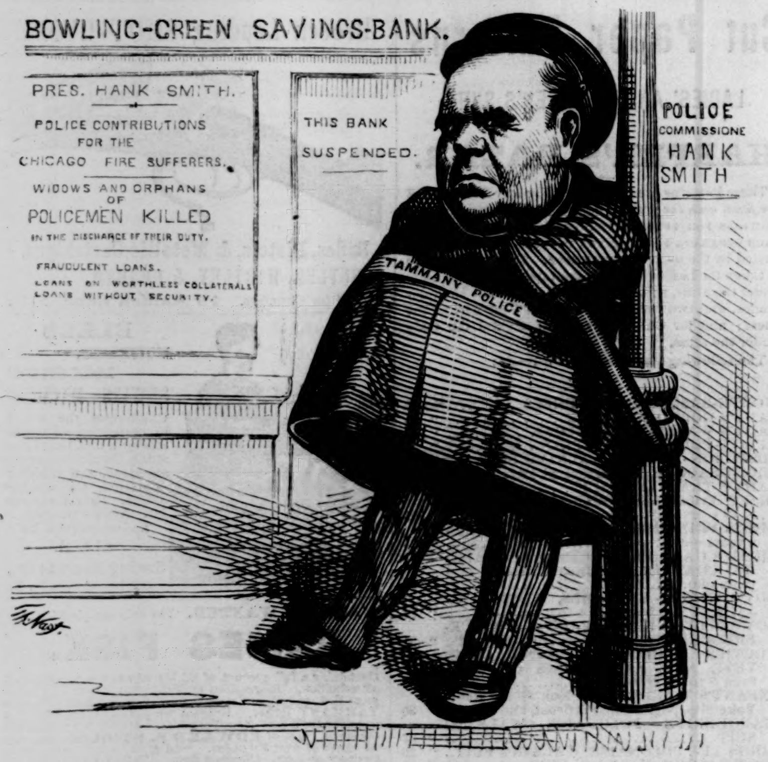
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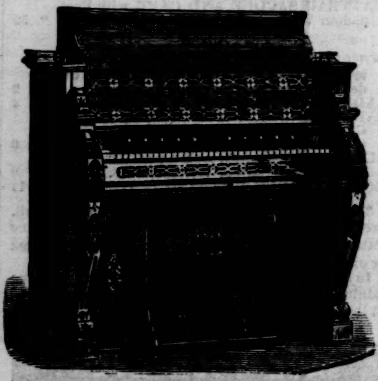

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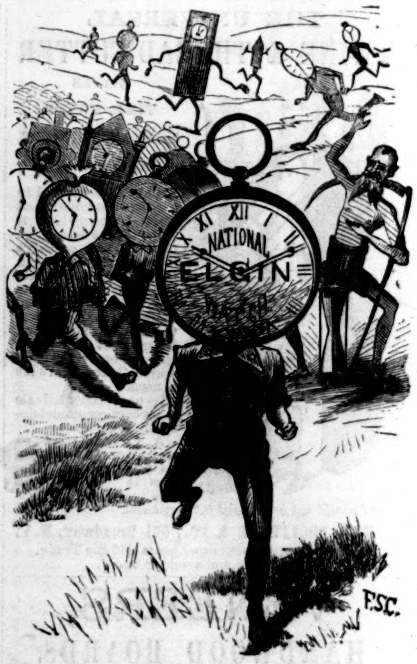

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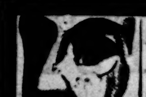

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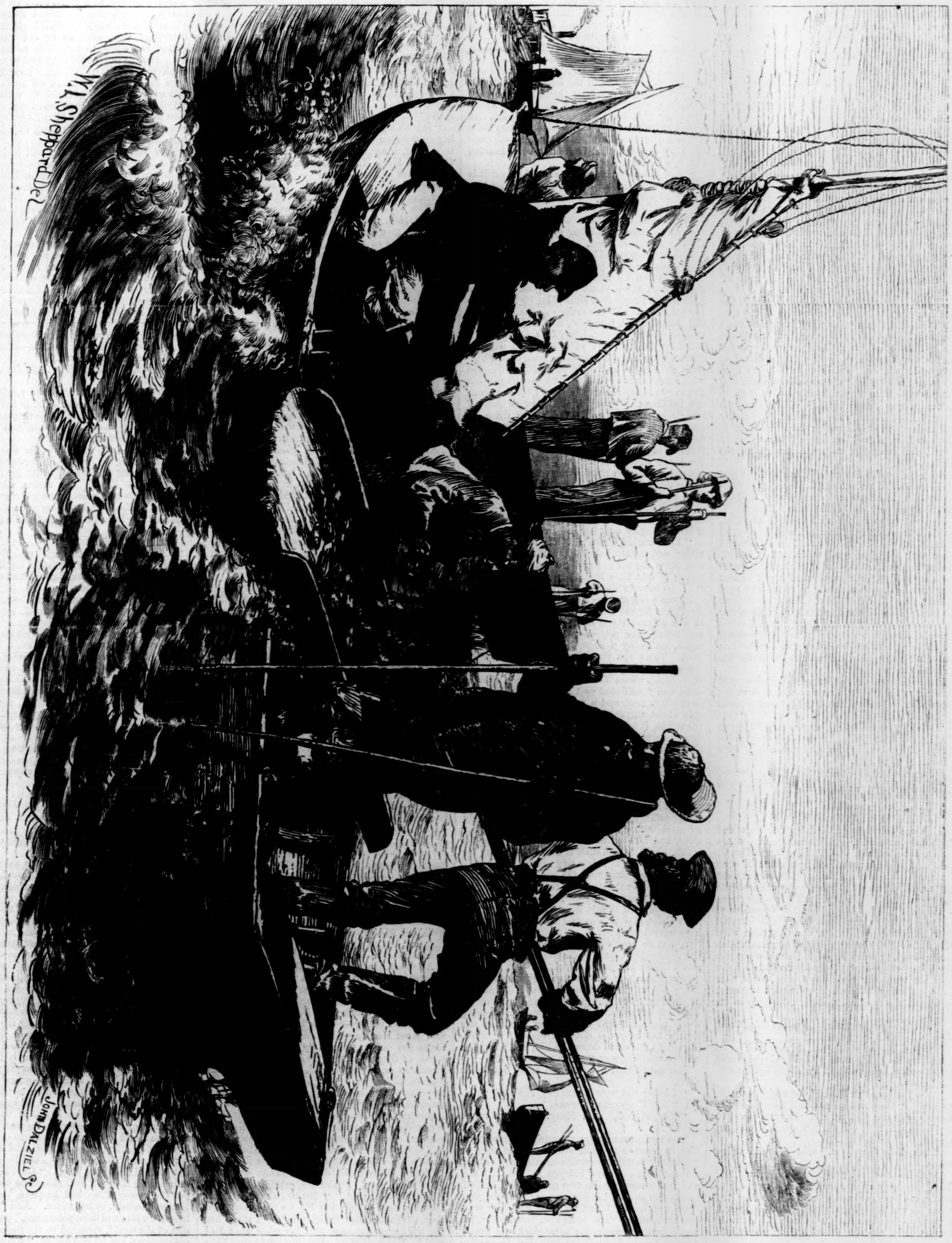


MINE OYSTER—DREDGING-BOATS IN THE CHESAPEAKE.—[SEE PAGE 220.]

THE WHITE WITCH OF COMBE ANDREW.

"I'LL just go and see my aunt Hagley: see if I don't!"

It was Mary Bernal who spoke, and it was Jane Dalby to whom she spoke; and what she said she said with an air as if more was lying behind than the mere words would show.

Jane Dalby tossed her head. "Go and welcome!" she answered, disdainfully. "For my part," she continued, "I wouldn't own as glib as you to an aunt like that old Hagley. She's none such a dear to be so proud of!"

"All very well, Jane, for you to cast stones at aunt," said Mary, with a superior manner. "Me and them as knows—" Here she stopped.

"Now then, go on, can't you?" cried Jane. "Out with it. You and them as knows what?"

"Well! we knows what we knows," said Mary, after a pause. "And now you're answered, Jane."

With which she left the servants' hall triumphantly, as one who has at least given the enemy a check, if nothing worse, going up stairs to adorn her young mistress, Belle Loder—for it was dressing time—while Jane went to do the like office for her young lady, Rose Kenealy, both maids having the same object at heart for each—the fascination of Major Julius Crewkherne, owner of Crewkherne Manor hard by, and the handsomest man in Devonshire, as he was one of the best matches.

Now Crewkherne Manor and the Loder property lay handy to each other, and it had always been one of the favorite wishes of both houses that the Crewkherne boy and the Loder girl would take a fancy to each other when they grew up, and so inclose the two estates in a ring fence that would suit every one concerned. Each property alone was well enough; but, both together, they would place the possessor among the best of the county, and would raise the joint families of Loder-Crewkherne to a position second to none in England. Wherefore it was that when old Darcy Crewkherne died, and his son, the major, came home from India to reign in his stead, every one said it was a thing so plainly marked out by Providence—and the local map—that the major couldn't but see it, and do as his father had wished him to do—namely, take Miss Belle, and in time the Loder property, so soon as the days of mourning were at an end.

And perhaps things would have gone their way if the Loders could have managed to keep the major close, and not have let any one else have a chance, for he was fairly enough inclined to Miss Belle when he first returned, and showed his liking frankly; but in an evil hour for her he accepted an invitation to stay a few days at Martin's Tor, the Rawdons' place, and there he found Rose Kenealy, Mrs. Rawdon's orphaned, penniless niece, whom they had adopted and brought up, and who was "out" for her first year.

To be sure the Rawdons, mindful of the common talk, had been careful to ask Belle Loder at the same time as the major, while, to do them justice, no thought of little Rose or her possible attractions had entered into their calculations. She was but a child yet to them, and they did not think of her marrying, any more than if she had been but ten years old instead of eighteen. They had known well and liked heartily old Darcy Crewkherne, and they had liked Julius too when a boy, and they wished to be neighborly—that was all. And as Julius was anxious to both make new and re-establish old relations, he had gone to Martin's Tor willingly, and when he had seen little Rose he had remained more willingly. It was a case of love at first sight: and the major was a man of a clear mind and determined will.

There could not be a more striking contrast between two girls than there was between Belle Loder and Rose Kenealy; and the contrast was not only on the outside. Belle was a tall, largely made, sleepy-looking girl, with a dead white skin, a profusion of straight and silky flaxen hair, and heavy-lidded eyes of light hazel, with singularly large pupils; but you did not often see her eyes, for she had a trick of keeping them half closed, and only when she wished to produce an effect did she open them fully. Rose, on the contrary, was a small, slight, vivacious creature, with a curly head of brightest brown, rose-red cheeks, and large dark eyes that changed with the light, being sometimes blue and sometimes gray, but always bright and frank, and tender or merry as the humor took her. They were true Irish eyes, inherited from her father, and were as eloquent as other people's words. And the first sight of them bewitched Julius Crewkherne.

That was the very phrase they had used in the kitchen, when discussing the bearing of the major toward the two young ladies. Miss Belle she was the one as ought to be, but Miss Rose she had bewitched him. And the word was not used without meaning, for the Devonshire folk believe in witches to this day; witches both white and black; witches who cast a spell, and witches who take it off again; witches that do harm, and they that do good. Wherein was the sting of Mary Bernal's words, which Jane Dalby had understood well enough; for Aunt Hagley, down at Combe Andrew, was a white witch of power, and renowned as such through all the country-side.

Long before the dinner-bell rang and the rest of the guests had assembled, Major Julius Crewkherne lounged into the drawing-room, and almost immediately after came Rose Kenealy.

As Rose came in, fresh and simple as usual, her dark brown curly hair caught back by a broad blue ribbon, and her white dress looped here and there with blue, her small waist trimly belted, yet leaving her free and elastic, the major thought her the loveliest little rose-bud of a girl he had ever seen, and with a nature as sweet and pure as her face. That frank look of hers was enough for him. Rose blushed to the very roots of her hair when she saw who was standing there in the bay-window alone; but she looked only prettier for blushing, and as she did not attempt to run away, the major liked her all the better for her girlish embarrassment.

He came out from the bay of the window, and met her midway. It was a rare chance to see her alone; and he had made up his mind to profit by the first that offered.

"What pretty flowers!" he said, pointing to the flowers in her belt. They were only a few sprays of jasmine, but he spoke as if they were something quite rare.

"I am so fond of jasmine!" said Rose, simply.

"So am I," returned the major. "Will you give me one for my coat?"

"If you like," said Rose.

"And fasten it in for me?"

This was coming to rather close quarters, and Rose was not used to gentlemen's coats. Hesitating, then, a little, and blushing a good deal, only complying because to refuse would be even more awkward, the girl, hanging down her head and trembling all over, came quite close to the major, and taking a spray from her waist, tried to fasten it into his coat. But her fingers were marvelously slow and heavy, and she bungled over her simple task in an unaccountable way. She felt as if she were going to faint, to die, to laugh aloud, or burst into tears; she did not, indeed, know how or what she felt; and it did not help her when the major, suddenly taking that little quivering hand in his, kissed it tenderly, saying, in a soft whisper, as he held it up to his cheek,

"May I ask your uncle to give me this, Rose? Will you give it me yourself?"

The girl made no answer. She only dropped her pretty head still lower, while her blushes faded into absolute paleness, and her slight figure trembled more.

"Do you love me, Rose?" the major went on to say. "Do you love me well enough to like to stay with me forever, and marry me, and be my little wife? Will you not speak to me, my darling?"

"Yes, I do love you," said Rose, in a low voice.

And then the major took her in his arms, and lifted her fairly off her feet, as he kissed her silently, his heart, as hers, too full for words. And when he set her down again she fled, frightened, happy, confused, in such trouble of joy as to be almost pain, till she found herself in faithful Jane's sympathetic arms.

This day at dinner no one knew what ailed Rose that she looked so shy and yet so happy, or what had come into her face to render her so beautiful. Only the major knew, and only Miss Loder guessed.

So now the thing was done, and Major Julius Crewkherne, the great match of the county, had committed himself to Miss Rose Kenealy, a girl without a penny—just a pretty little maid with bright eyes, rose-red cheeks, a frank smile, and a true heart—while here was his naturally appointed bride, Miss Belle, who had every thing in her favor, shunted to the side, passed over, as we might say jilted.

When Belle Loder heard the news not the keenest observer could have said that she suffered, or, indeed, have told that she felt at all. It was Mrs. Rawdon herself who told her, quite apologetically, and with many repeated assurances that she had been as much taken by surprise as any one could be. She had never thought of such a thing! Rose, of all persons in the world, little more than a mere child yet, only just out of the nursery!

On which Miss Loder, who until now had been sitting as if carved in alabaster, counting her fan-sticks, suddenly lifted up her eyes and looked Mrs. Rawdon full in the face; and her look was so sudden, so fierce, so direct, her eyes were so large, the pupils so dilated, the look so fixed, that poor Mrs. Rawdon turned quite pale, and looked as if she were going to faint. Then Belle dropped her broad white lids again, took once more to counting her fan-sticks, and drawled out, in a low and level voice,

"Yes, just so; but, you see, at eighteen it is rather late to consider a girl as a child, and Major Crewkherne is a good match where there is no fortune."

Which last observation affronted Mrs. Rawdon, and destroyed all her sympathy for Miss Loder's disappointment.

If riches give social influence, knowledge gives moral power; and not Mr. Darcy Crewkherne himself, when he was alive—and he had been the king of those parts, so to speak—had the hold on the people that Dame Hagley had, Mary Bernal's aunt. To the outer eye she was just a tall, dark-browed, powerful, and still handsome woman of about sixty, living in a solitary mud hovel set in the heart of a wild and desolate combe, or valley, where nothing grew on the hill-sides save gorse and bracken and heather, and where even sheep could find no pasturage; but to the eye of faith she was greater than the greatest, holding the power of the viewless ones of the air in her hand, and holding with these the keys of life and death. Yet if spirits thronged to do her bidding, they were spirits of less malevolence, if of greater power, than those which obey the black witch. It was the black witch who banned, and Dame Hagley who removed the ban, at the grievous cost and suffering of the former. And it was well known that not the wickedest old witch or wizard of them all but trembled before her, and had cause to repent her evil deeds if Dame Hagley took her in hand.

"That cursed little girl has bewitched the major, and my aunt shall know the rights of it," said Mary Bernal to herself, when she heard the news; it was Miss Belle herself who told her. "I'll go over to Combe Andrew to-morrow."

It was a hot and fiery sunset when Mary, getting leave for the evening, set out to her aunt's. It was a brave thing of her to do, for the way was lonely, and not only the valley had a bad name, but many a place by which she had to pass. Years ago there had been a murder on the cliffs, and the body had been buried in the very hovel where Dame Hagley lived; then a child had been found cast like a dead sheep in a deserted quarry, and a man had committed suicide at the entrance of the combe. So that, on the whole, it was an awful district all round, and one cause of Dame Hagley's influence was that she dared to live where others dared hardly pass. But her very living there added to the general terrors of the place.

People wondered when they saw Mary setting her face toward the cliff path, but Mary shared some of her aunt's courage. She "favored" her in appearance, and it was not thought unlikely by more than one that she might follow in her steps, and take up the trade when the other let it fall. Still, for all that, it was a bold thing for a young woman of thirty to go along that lonely cliff in the evening, with the sun setting so fiery red, and the black loneliness, the haunted depths, of Combe Andrew to follow. But Mary had become interested in this matter of the major and Miss Belle, and it was not a little that would have turned her back.

About an hour's hard walking brought her to the point where, deep in the darkness below, she saw a faint glimmer which told her that her aunt was at home. It was almost dark by now, but Mary knew the way, and skirted its danger dextrously. She was quite free and undaunted, and did not even start when once a straying sheep came full butt against her, and once she nearly fell over the dead carcass of another. Presently she came down the hill, and along the narrow winding way that led to the hovel.

Her aunt heard her step and came out to the door.

"I knew you were a-coming," she said, quietly; "and I've made your tea."

"That's good," said Mary. "It's a rough road."

The two women were strangely undemonstrative in manner to each other. There were no feminine effusions, no endearments, such as most women of all classes indulge in, but they met and spoke together like two men. And, indeed, handsome and bold and strong as they were, they were not unlike beardless men, and they were like each other. The same low, broad brow, the same firm eyebrows, the same dark and steady eyes, the same fleshy lips tightly shut, so cruel in repose, so sweet when smiling, and the same commanding height. They were as much alike as though they were mother and daughter; and they were equally formidable.

"So you knew I was a-coming?" said Mary, after a long silence, during which she had drunk her tea and eaten her cake with a relish.

"Yes; They told me."

"Maybe They told you why, then?" said Mary, looking into her aunt's face with simple faith.

The older woman nodded. "Yes; They told me that too," she answered, watching her niece.

"And can you do it, aunt? Can you take off the spell?" said Mary, earnestly.

"I never knew of one I couldn't," said Dame Hagley.

"And it is a spell, aunt, ain't it now? She has bewitched him?"

"No fear," answered her aunt.

"What else can it be?" cried Mary.

"What else, indeed?" echoed her aunt.

"There's Miss Belle, made for him, as one may say, brought up together a'most, and with a fine fortune when her father goes. And her father, and his too, that wished it so. And here comes this sly little Rose Kenealy, a mere beggar to Miss Belle, and not half so pretty. And there's the major clean mad about her, and gone and asked her. It can't be right; it must be a spell!"

"It ain't aught else," said Dame Hagley, taking up the clew she had been waiting for. "It is a spell, Mary, and the major is bewitched. Can't you bring Miss Belle here, and I'll let her see the face as has done it?"

Mary shook her head. "It's too rough a road, aunt, and Miss Belle's not over fain to walk."

"You want me, though, to work it?" said Aunt Hagley, coming to business.

"Yes; give me something as 'll take it off, aunt. See, I've brought you Miss Belle's hair, and some of that Rose's, and there are nails of both of 'em, and the major's too. I tell you I was clever to get all these, and it's cost me a deal of trouble. But I did it. I don't like to see right wronged, and I did it."

"I'll see to it," said Aunt Hagley, gravely. "I dare say you've brought enow. I'll work the spell, and then I'll let you know."

On which, with a pack of greasy cards, some spirits of wine, a handful of salt, a pinch of benzoin, and another of lycopodium, the White Witch went through a series of mutterings and strange gestures; all of which Mary watched with a steady pulse, though expecting to see in bodily shape one of those great spirits who were, she believed, about her aunt at this moment, doing her service and imparting to her knowledge.

After a while Aunt Hagley lifted up her head from the saucepan which, alternately with the cards, she had been peering into, and sighed deeply, wiping her face wearily, as she sank back in her high chair as one exhausted.

"It has been a sore time, Mary," she said, "but I've got the word and the sign at last. Rose Kenealy: there it was written fair enough; she it is as has laid the spell on the major, and you, my girl, can take it off. What would Miss Belle give you, Mary, if you could get her the major?" she asked, suddenly.

"Give! she'd give her ears," said Mary.

"I don't see as how you could do much with them," Aunt Hagley replied, gravely. "To put 'em into a stocking would scarcely grow guineas, my girl! No; I mean what would she give in money—hard money—money down, Mary?"

"Lord, aunt, I don't know," said Mary, shocked. It was one thing to do good for loyalty and love, another to work evil for money. But Aunt Hagley had long ago reduced all life to the filling of her money-stocking, and the only thing she despised in her niece was the indifference she showed, as yet, to money. But she would improve, she used to say to herself; she had good blood, and she would improve.

"It can't be done for nothing, Mary," she said, gravely. "If Miss Belle will make it worth my while and yours—and yours too, my girl; I'm not selfish, and I will work for you as well as myself—but if she'll do well by us I'll do well by her, and Miss Rose shall trouble her no more. I'll take the spell off, no fear, but it's worth money, Mary; why, it's worth hundreds of pounds to her, and you'll be a fool not to make a good bargain for yourself, now you've got the power."

"I can't ask for money, aunt, for what I do for right's sake," said Mary, sullenly.

Her aunt had been all this time putting some powder into a packet.

"All right, my girl; then you'll not have the spell, and Miss Rose will have the major;" and she put back on the shelf the small locked box from which she had taken the powder.

As usual, that stronger will had its way, and the weaker yielded. After a faint resistance, it ended by Mary putting on her bonnet again, and carefully placing in her purse a small packet of white powder, which Miss Belle was to put into Miss Rose's coffee—nothing but coffee would do, said Aunt Hagley—when Miss Rose would suffer as she ought, perhaps fly up the chimney as a bat, or they would see the devil run out of her mouth as an eft or a toad, or something such like would happen to her, and the major would be restored to his senses. And then, being in a good humor—for Mary had promised to ask for handsome gains, and to give her half—Aunt Hagley, without putting on her bonnet, took the road with her niece, laughing a little grimly as she said, "You see, my dear, *I* ain't no reason to be afraid. I sha'n't meet much that's uglier than myself."

Would Miss Belle do it? That was now Mary's difficulty. "You see, gentlefolks are not like us," she argued. "They won't believe, and they say they know; but it's we as knows, not they. Would Miss Belle believe if I stood her out till Doomsday, and told her what aunt had said? Not a bit of it. But how could aunt have known that I was coming, or about the major and that Rose, unless They had told her? And as for this spell, that is to break a spell, would Miss Belle do it, however much she was told?" However, it had to be tried. There was too much at stake for her not to venture.

Mary appoached the subject cautiously. Miss Belle was not one who ever made free with servants, and even Mary, who had been with her for years, had to be careful. She was prepared to be laughed at, of course, and Belle did laugh at her, and she let her. She wouldn't join in the laughter, for They were about her, and They knew that she knew them; but Miss Belle was different. And after she had let her laugh she brought her round, bit by bit, to consent to work her charm.

"You see, miss, if there's nothing in it, it can't do no harm; but if there is, as aunt says, Lord, miss! wouldn't it be fun to see a toad run out of Miss Rose's mouth, or a hump grow on her back before your eyes, and she stand there, just a witch, and all the world to see it? If the major is bewitched, why, miss, as an old friend and neighbor, you ought to help him to his senses again. It isn't likely that aunt and so many of us think things as isn't. We know it can be done, and we know it can be taken off again. And there's no one like Aunt Hagley for taking off."

All this Mary said in a headlong, dashing, earnest way while dressing Miss Loder's hair for dinner the day after her evening expedition to Combe Andrew.

"Very well, you silly girl, I will do it to satisfy you, and show you how absurd you are in your superstitions. I will give Miss Kenealy the charm, as you call it, and you will see nothing will come of it. There, give it to me. What is it?"

"This in coffee, miss," half whispered Mary. "Only in coffee, miss; else the charm won't work!"

Belle was sitting before the glass, and the eyes of mistress and maid met in the mirror. The one was flushed, eager, coarse in her zeal, but honest and single-hearted; the other pale, languid, reticent, seeing farther and thinking deeper, and accepting the responsibility of a possible evil as far as the poles removed from the intentions of the simpler sinner. The one meant an honest counter-charm—witchcraft foiled with its own weapons; the other meant—what? She took the packet and laughed.

"The idea of witchcraft in these days! How absurd!" she said.

"Try it, miss, and then maybe you'll not say that!" said Mary, earnestly; and in her endeavor to persuade her to the trial she forgot all about the bargain she was to have made, and the sum she was to have demanded.

Dinner was over, and the coffee was brought up. All during the meal Belle Loder had been supremely sweet and friendly with both the major and little Rose. The major, whose conscience had its sore points, was quite grateful to her; and Belle thought in her own mind, and wondered if—Rose being out of the way—well, if—

Coffee was handed round.

"Shall I make yours, dear?" said Belle, graciously, to Rose; and as she ladled out the crushed candy something more than crushed candy fell from her dainty fingers.

"Oh, thank you!" said little Rose, flushing, in her turn, pleased and grateful, too, at this thawing of the Loder ice.

She took the cup and laughed pleasantly, and Belle looked at her sleepily through her half-closed lids. Out in the garden, peering from under the blind, another pair of eyes watched her curiously. They were those of the White Witch, come to witness the result of her charm, and to claim its price. Not a leaf stirred, not a creature cried; Rose raised the cup to her lips.

"Rosy, give me a footstool, my dear," said Mrs. Rawdon, lazily.

And Rose set down her cup untasted, and took her aunt the hassock. Then she sat down on the sofa, and, nestling close to her, talked in a low voice, forgetting her coffee.

"The fool, why don't she take it!" muttered the woman watching her. "Who ever saw the like of such foolishness—to have it and not to take it!"

The major was at the piano, turning over some songs.

"Belle, do you sing this?" he asked. And Belle, putting down her cup untasted, as Rose had done, went over to him, and discussed the music. Then they both came back to the table.

"Why, your coffee must be cold," said the major; and he looked into Belle's face, smiling that ineffable smile of his that had more witchcraft in it than all Dame Hagley knew. Belle looked back at him, with her large eyes fully opened, and by that look lost the thread. He had the cups in his hands, unsuspicious, unconcious, and he gave one to each girl. At that moment the dog made a bound through the window, growling savagely, and the woman who had kept the thread slunk away among the bushes.

The next morning a great terror fell on the house: Miss Belle Loder was found stiff and stark in her room. She went to bed with the rest apparently in good health, but she must have died about midnight, said the medical men who made the post-mortem examination: three hours after the butler had taken away the empty coffee-cups. Yet, though she had died with all the symptoms of blood poisoning, no trace of poison could be found by any test known to the experts. It was a mystery, they all said, and a mystery it remained. Wherefore, "Died by the visitation of God," said the jury. "Died because you didn't work the spell as it should be worked, and get the money They had bespoke," said Dame Hagley, fiercely, to her niece. And "Poisoned herself for love and disappointment," went the verdict of the world, repeated by the major's uneasy conscience; but no one added, "Fallen into the pit digged for another," while only Mary Bernal suspected, and only Dame Hagley knew.

Whatever the dame knew, it did not trouble her long; for, not more than a week after Miss Loder was buried, a man going to the hovel in Combe Andrew, found Dame Hagley and her miserable home a mere heap of blackened ashes. She had been burned to death in a drunken sleep, with none to give her aid or warning, none even to know of her danger or to pity her destruction. The ruined hut was never touched. No one owned the place, and not even the poorest squatter cared to build on so unlikely and evilly renowned a spot: so no one dug deep enough among the charred ashes to find the mass of gold which the White Witch had hidden away in her stocking, and which she kept buried under the floor of her hut. And there it is still for any brave adventurer who cares to seek it.

BAFFLED.

I will plant a tree for myself, she said,
  With clusters of crimson bloom,
Whose beauty shall dazzle the waking sight,
Whose scent shall fill all the dreamy night
  With the breath of its sweet perfume.
But the blight fell down with the morning dew,
And the rose-tree died ere its first bud blew.

I will twine a wreath for myself, she said,
  Of myrtle and laurel and bay,
Whose glory shall halo my living head,
And over the grave where they lay me dead
  Speak of me and my fame alway.
But the canker was deep and the thorn was keen,
And the bright leaves withered her clasp between.

I will carve my dream for myself, she said,
  Its loveliness fixed forever,
A thing of beauty and joy and life;
We will pass serene through the world's hot strife,
  I and my work together.
But Death's strong hand struck sudden and cold,
The chisel dropped from her fainting hold.

They tossed them aside in a useless heap—
  Dead root and blossoms and half-wrought stone—
Where the river of time flowed swift and deep,
  And they left not a trace thereon!

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

Author of "Adam Bede," "Romola," etc.

Book II.

OLD AND YOUNG.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Hire facounde eke full womanly and plain,
No contrefeted termes had she
To semen wise."
—Chaucer.

It was in that way Dorothea came to be sobbing as soon as she was securely alone. But she was presently roused by a knock at the door, which made her hastily dry her eyes before saying, "Come in." Tantripp had brought a card, and said that there was a gentleman waiting in the lobby. The courier had told him that only Mrs. Casaubon was at home, but he said he was a relation of Mr. Casaubon's: would she see him?

"Yes," said Dorothea, without pause; "show him into the salon." Her chief impressions about young Ladislaw were that when she had seen him at Lowick she had been made aware of Mr. Casaubon's generosity toward him, and also that she had been interested in his own hesitation about his career. She was alive to any thing that gave her an opportunity for active sympathy, and at this moment it seemed as if the visit had come to shake her out of her self-absorbed discontent—to remind her of her husband's goodness, and make her feel that she had now the right to be his helpmate in all kind deeds. She waited a minute or two, but when she passed into the next room there were just signs enough that she had been crying to make her open face look more youthful and appealing than usual. She met Ladislaw with that exquisite smile of good-will which is unmixed with vanity, and held out her hand to him. He was the elder by several years, but at that moment he looked much the younger, for his transparent complexion flushed suddenly, and he spoke with a shyness extremely unlike the ready indifference of his manner with his male companion, while Dorothea became all the calmer with a wondering desire to put him at ease.

"I was not aware that you and Mr. Casaubon were in Rome, until this morning, when I saw you in the Vatican Museum," he said. "I knew you at once—but—I mean, that I concluded Mr. Casaubon's address would be found at the Poste Restante, and I was anxious to pay my respects to him and you as early as possible."

"Pray sit down. He is not here now, but he will be glad to hear of you, I am sure," said Dorothea, seating herself unthinkingly between the fire and the light of the tall window, and pointing to a chair opposite, with the quietude of a benignant matron. The signs of girlish sorrow in her face were only the more striking. "Mr. Casaubon is much engaged; but you will leave your address—will you not?—and he will write to you."

"You are very good," said Ladislaw, beginning to lose his diffidence in the interest with which he was observing the signs of weeping which had altered her face. "My address is on my card. But if you will allow me, I will call again to-morrow at an hour when Mr. Casaubon is likely to be at home."

"He goes to read in the Library of the Vatican every day, and you can hardly see him except by an appointment. Especially now. We are about to leave Rome, and he is very busy. He is usually away almost from breakfast till dinner. But I am sure he will wish you to dine with us."

Will Ladislaw was struck mute for a few moments. He had never been fond of Mr. Casaubon, and if it had not been for the sense of obligation, would have laughed at him as a Bat of erudition. But the idea of this dried-up pedant, this elaborator of small explanations about as important as the surplus stock of false antiquities kept in a vendor's back chamber, having first got this adorable young creature to marry him, and then passing his honey-moon away from her, groping after his mouldy futilities (Will was given to hyperbole)—this sudden picture stirred him with a sort of comic disgust: he was divided between the impulse to laugh aloud and the equally unseasonable impulse to burst into scornful invective. For an instant he felt that the struggle was causing a queer contortion of his mobile features, but with a good effort he resolved it into nothing more offensive than a merry smile.

Dorothea wondered; but the smile was irresistible, and shone back from her face too. Will Ladislaw's smile was delightful unless you were angry with him beforehand: it was a gush of inward light illuminating the transparent skin as well as the eyes, and playing about every curve and line as if some Ariel were touching them with a new charm, and banishing forever the traces of moodiness. The reflection of that smile could not but have a little merriment in it too, even under dark eyelashes still moist, as Dorothea said, inquiringly, "Something amuses you?"

"Yes," said Will, quick in finding resources. "I am thinking of the sort of figure I cut the first time I saw you, when you annihilated my poor sketch with your criticism."

"My criticism?" said Dorothea, wondering still more. "Surely not. I always feel particularly ignorant about painting."

"I suspected you of knowing so much that you knew how to say just what was most cutting. You said—I dare say you don't remember it as I do—that the relation of my sketch to nature was quite hidden from you. At least you implied that." Will could laugh now as well as smile.

"That was really my ignorance," said Dorothea, admiring Will's good humor. "I must have said so only because I never could see any beauty in the pictures which my uncle told me all judges thought very fine. And I have gone about with just the same ignorance in Rome. There are comparatively few paintings that I can really enjoy. At first when I enter a room where the walls are covered with frescoes or with rare pictures, I feel a kind of awe—like a child present at great ceremonies where there are grand robes and processions; I feel myself in the presence of some higher life than my own. But when I begin to examine the pictures one by one the life goes out of them, or else is something violent and strange to me. It must be my own dullness. I am seeing so much all at once, and not understanding half of it. That always makes one feel stupid. It is painful to be told that any thing is very fine, and not be able to feel that it is fine—something like being blind, while people talk of the sky."

"Oh, there is a great deal in the feeling for art which must be acquired," said Will. (It was impossible now to doubt the directness of Dorothea's confession.) "Art is an old language with a great many artificial affected styles, and sometimes the chief pleasure one gets out of knowing them is the mere sense of knowing. I enjoy the art of all sorts here immensely; but I suppose if I could pick my enjoyment to pieces I should find it made up of many different threads. There is something in daubing a little one's self, and having an idea of the process."

"You mean perhaps to be a painter?" said Dorothea, with a new direction of interest. "You mean to make painting your profession. Mr. Casaubon will like to hear that you have chosen a profession."

"No, oh no," said Will, with some coldness. "I have quite made up my mind against it. It is too one-sided a life. I have been seeing a great deal of the German artists here: I traveled from Frankfort with one of them. Some are fine, even brilliant fellows—but I should not like to get into their way of looking at the world entirely from the studio point of view."

"That I can understand," said Dorothea, cordially. "And in Rome it seems as if there were so many things which are more wanted in the world than pictures. But if you have a genius for painting, would it not be right to take that as a guide? Perhaps you might do better things than these—or different, so that there might not be so many pictures almost all alike in the same place."

There was no mistaking this simplicity, and Will was won by it into frankness. "A man must have a very rare genius to make changes of that sort. I am afraid mine would not carry me even to the pitch of doing well what has been done already, at least not so well as to make it worth while. And I should never succeed in any thing by dint of drudgery. If things don't come easily to me, I never get them."

"I have heard Mr. Casaubon say that he regrets your want of patience," said Dorothea, gently. She was rather shocked at this mode of taking all life as a holiday.

"Yes, I know Mr. Casaubon's opinion. He and I differ."

The slight streak of contempt in this hasty reply offended Dorothea. She was all the more susceptible about Mr. Casaubon because of her morning's trouble.

"Certainly you differ," she said, rather proudly. "I did not think of comparing you: such power of persevering devoted labor as Mr. Casaubon's is not common."

Will saw that she was offended, but this only gave an additional impulse to the new irritation of his latent dislike toward Mr. Casaubon. It was too intolerable that Dorothea should be worshiping this husband: such weakness in a woman is pleasant to no man but the husband in question. Mortals are easily tempted to pinch the life out of their neighbor's buzzing glory, and think that such killing is no murder.

"No, indeed," he answered, promptly. "And therefore it is a pity that it should be thrown away, as so much English scholarship is, for want of knowing what is being done by the rest of the world. If Mr. Casaubon read German he would save himself a great deal of trouble."

"I do not understand you," said Dorothea, startled and anxious.

"I merely mean," said Will, in an off-hand way, "that the Germans have taken the lead in historical inquiries, and they laugh at results which are got by groping about in woods with a pocket-compass while they have made good roads. While I was with Mr. Casaubon I saw that he deafened himself in that direction: it was almost against his will that he read a Latin treatise written by a German. I was very sorry."

Will only thought of giving a good pinch that would annihilate that vaunted laboriousness, and was unable to imagine the mode in which Dorothea would be wounded. Young Mr. Ladislaw was not at all deep himself in German writers; but very little achievement is required in order to pity another man's short-comings.

Poor Dorothea felt a pang at the thought that the labor of her husband's life might be void, which left her no energy to spare for the question whether this young relative who was so much obliged to him ought not to have repressed his observation. She did not even speak, but sat looking at her hands, absorbed in the piteousness of that thought.

Will, however, having given that annihilating pinch, was rather ashamed, imagining from Dorothea's silence that he had offended her still more; and having also a conscience about plucking the tail-feathers from a benefactor.

"I regretted it especially," he resumed, taking the usual course from detraction to insincere eulogy, "because of my gratitude and respect toward my cousin. It would not signify so much in a man whose talents and character were less distinguished."

Dorothea raised her eyes, brighter than usual with excited feeling, and said, in her saddest recitative, "How I wish I had learned German when I was at Lausanne! There were plenty of German teachers. But now I can be of no use."

There was a new light, but still a mysterious light, for Will in Dorothea's last words. The question how she had come to accept Mr. Casaubon—which he had dismissed when he first saw her by saying that she must be disagreeable in spite of appearances—was not now to be answered on any such short and easy method. Whatever else she might be, she was not disagreeable. She was not coldly clever and indirectly satirical, but adorably simple and full of feeling. She was an angel beguiled. It would be a unique delight to wait and watch for the melodious fragments in which her heart and soul came forth so directly and ingenuously. The Æolian harp again came into his mind.

She must have made some original romance for herself in this marriage. And if Mr. Casaubon had been a dragon who had carried her off to his lair with his talons simply and without legal forms, it would have been an unavoidable feat of heroism to release her and fall at her feet. But he was something more unmanageable than a dragon: he was a benefactor with collective society at his back, and he was at that moment entering the room in all the unimpeachable correctness of his demeanor, while Dorothea was looking animated with a newly aroused alarm and regret, and Will was looking animated with his admiring speculation about her feelings.

Mr. Casaubon felt a surprise which was quite unmixed with pleasure, but he did not swerve from his usual politeness of greeting, when Will rose and explained his presence. Mr. Casaubon was less happy than usual, and this perhaps made him look all the dimmer and more faded; else, the effect might easily have been produced by the contrast of his young cousin's appearance. The first impression on seeing Will was one of sunny brightness, which added to the uncertainty of his changing expression. Surely his very features changed their form; his jaw looked sometimes large and sometimes small; and the little ripple in his nose was a preparation for metamorphosis. When he turned his head quickly his hair seemed to shake out light, and some persons thought they saw decided genius in this coruscation. Mr. Casaubon, on the contrary, stood rayless.

As Dorothea's eyes were turned anxiously on her husband she was perhaps not insensible to the contrast, but it was only mingled with other causes in making her more conscious of that new alarm on his behalf which was the first stirring of a pitying tenderness fed by the realities of his lot and not by her own dreams. Yet it was a source of greater freedom to her that Will was there; his young equality was agreeable, and also perhaps his openness to conviction. She felt an immense need of some one to speak to, and she had never before seen any one who seemed so quick and pliable, so likely to understand every thing.

Mr. Casaubon gravely hoped that Will was passing his time profitably as well as pleasantly in Rome—had thought his intention was to remain in South Germany—but begged him to come and dine to-morrow, when he could converse more at large: at present he was somewhat weary. Ladislaw understood, and accepting the invitation, immediately took his leave.

Dorothea's eyes followed her husband anxiously while he sank down wearily at the end of a sofa, and resting his elbow, supported his head and looked on the floor. A little flushed, and with bright eyes, she seated herself beside him, and said:

"Forgive me for speaking so hastily to you this morning. I was wrong. I fear I hurt you, and made the day more burdensome."

"I am glad that you feel that, my dear," said Mr. Casaubon. He spoke quietly, and bowed his head a little, but there was still an uneasy feeling in his eyes as he looked at her.

"But you do forgive me?" said Dorothea, with a quick sob. In her need for some manifestation of feeling she was ready to exaggerate her own fault. Would not love see returning penitence afar off, and fall on its neck and kiss it?

"My dear Dorothea, 'who with repentance is not satisfied is not of heaven nor earth:' you do not think me worthy to be banished by that severe sentence," said Mr. Casaubon, exerting himself to make a strong statement, and also to smile faintly.

Dorothea was silent, but a tear which had come up with the sob would insist on falling.

"You are excited, my dear. And I also am feeling some unpleasant consequences of too much mental disturbance," said Mr. Casaubon. In fact, he had it in his thought to tell her that she ought not to have received young Ladislaw in his absence; but he abstained, partly from the sense that it would be ungracious to bring a new complaint in the moment of her penitent acknowledgment, partly because he wanted to avoid further agitation of himself by speech, and partly because he was too proud to betray that jealousy of disposition which was not so exhausted on his scholarly compeers that there was none to spare in other directions. There is a sort of jealousy which needs very little fire: it is hardly a passion, but a blight bred in the cloudy, damp despondency of uneasy egoism.

"I think it is time for us to dress," he added, looking at his watch. They both rose, and there was never any further allusion between them to what had passed on this day.

But Dorothea remembered it to the last with the vividness with which we all remember epochs in our experience when some dear expectation dies, or some new motive is born. To-day she had begun to see that she had been under a wild illusion in expecting a response to her feeling from Mr. Casaubon, and she had felt the waking of a presentiment that there might be a sad consciousness in his life which made as great a need on his side as on her own.

We are all of us born in moral stupidity, taking the world as an udder to feed our supreme selves: Dorothea had early begun to emerge from that stupidity, but yet it had been easier to her to imagine how she would devote herself to Mr. Casaubon, and become wise and strong in his strength and wisdom, than to conceive with that distinctness which is no longer reflection but feeling—an idea wrought back to the directness of sense, like the solidity of objects—that he had an equivalent centre of self, whence the lights and shadows must always fall with a certain difference.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

The moon has much to answer for in the fortunes and misfortunes of superstitious people. There are, to this day, those who will not butcher pigs while the moon is waning, lest the pork should shrink in boiling; nor plant seeds in the "down sign," lest they should not come up. People will look at the profile of the new moon and pronounce oracularly whether the month is to be dry or wet. A certain magical importance is given to the state of the weather when the moon "changes;" that is to say, when the almanac marks the quarter, as if the moon were not changing all the time. In small and primitive sea-port towns it is verily believed that while the tide is rising a sick person can not die, and that life will not go till it ebbs out with the tide. To revert again to the moon, the word "lunatic," of universal application to insane persons, is only a politer form of moon-struck, the moon having been once held answerable for all dementia. Herbs for medical purposes were once gathered with great care at certain times in the moon's age. Southey, in one of his books, has preserved an account of an ancient superstition, viz.: that warts on the hand could be cured by washing them in the moonshine in a silver basin; that is, going through the form of washing without water in the moonlight; and speaking of warts and excrescences recalls the fact that to this day many people will affirm that they have had warts removed by "powwowing," which means the muttering of some senseless jargon over them.

ACROSS AFRICA.

A story is related concerning a celebrated African traveler which may have special interest just now. On the western coast of Africa, somewhat less than a thousand miles above the Cape, is a large and ancient city, San Paolo de Loanda. It is the metropolis of Angola, a Portuguese province, and prior to the discovery of Brazil it was resorted to by the noble adventurers of Portugal, who performed wondrous exploits against the savages, and who searched the mountains diligently for red gold. Latterly the province has been made a penal settlement. But it happened one day, in the spring of 1854, that her Britannic Majesty's consul for Loanda, Mr. Gabriel, on returning home from a walk found a short, swarthy man pacing up and down his piazza, apparently in an anxious frame of mind. He was dressed in an old pea-jacket, and was not particularly clean. The "distressed British sailor" is a phenomenon not entirely unknown to consuls, and this appeared a most transparent case. Mr. Gabriel inquired his business.

"Well, I have just come up from the Cape of Good Hope," said the stranger.

Mr. Gabriel looked puzzled, perhaps a little incredulous.

"I was not aware," said he, "that any vessel from the Cape had come into port to-day."

"No," said the other, dryly; "*I came by land.*"

At these words, as when the magic charm is pronounced in the fairy tales, the dirty rags fell off, and disclosed, not precisely a beautiful princess, but the famous Dr. Livingstone, rumors of whom, sometimes ominous and always vague, had occasionally floated to San Paolo de Loanda.

Mr. Gabriel maintained him and his twenty-seven Makololo for seven months; after which the doctor started from Loanda, and performed the unparalleled feat of crossing the continent of Africa from the western to the eastern shore.

MINE OYSTER.

IF we admit the force of the aphorism "that he who invents a new dish does more for mankind than he who discovers a star," what a debt does not the world owe to the man whose temerity introduced this esculent to the table! But his name, alas! like that of the pious fool who reared the Ephesian dome, is lost in antiquity.

And at what remote period precisely the oyster became popular as an article of luxury does not clearly appear. The delicious bivalve was familiar to the ancients, and quaint bills of fare that come down to us through the lapse of ages give evidence that they graced the Grecian banquet, and formed a prominent feature of the Roman symposium. Their indulgence, however, never encouraged tyranny or degenerated into despotism, as did the love of peacocks' tongues; nor were they ever known to share the demoralizing tendencies necessarily incident to the unrestrained consumption of *pâté de foie gras.*

Professor Agassiz tells us that fish are the best aliment for persons engaged in mental labors; and this is due to the large proportion of phosphorus which they generally contain. With how much greater reason, then, is the oyster recommended for brain food! And this fact may account for the superior mental culture of the Romans, who were always lovers of oysters. With this knowledge, how easy the answer to the inquiry of the nettled Cassius: "Upon what meat hath this our Cæsar fed that he hath grown so great?" It was the meat of oysters. The Emperor Trajan had them regularly forwarded to him during his long journeys.

True cosmopolitans, oysters are not limited to boundary of time or place; neither are they confined to clime or country. Their fame has been perpetuated in the classic pages of Cicero and in the charming idiom of Cervantes; they live in the pleasing lines of Pope, and breathe in the rhythm of Swift. They gave flavor to the odes of Horace, and lent vigor to the keen satires of Juvenal. Tempting company and luxurious indulgence attended the late revels of the Latin satirist, for he sings lustily of his beloved Venus Ebria:

> "Who at deep midnight on fat oysters sups,
> And froths with unguents her Falernian cups."

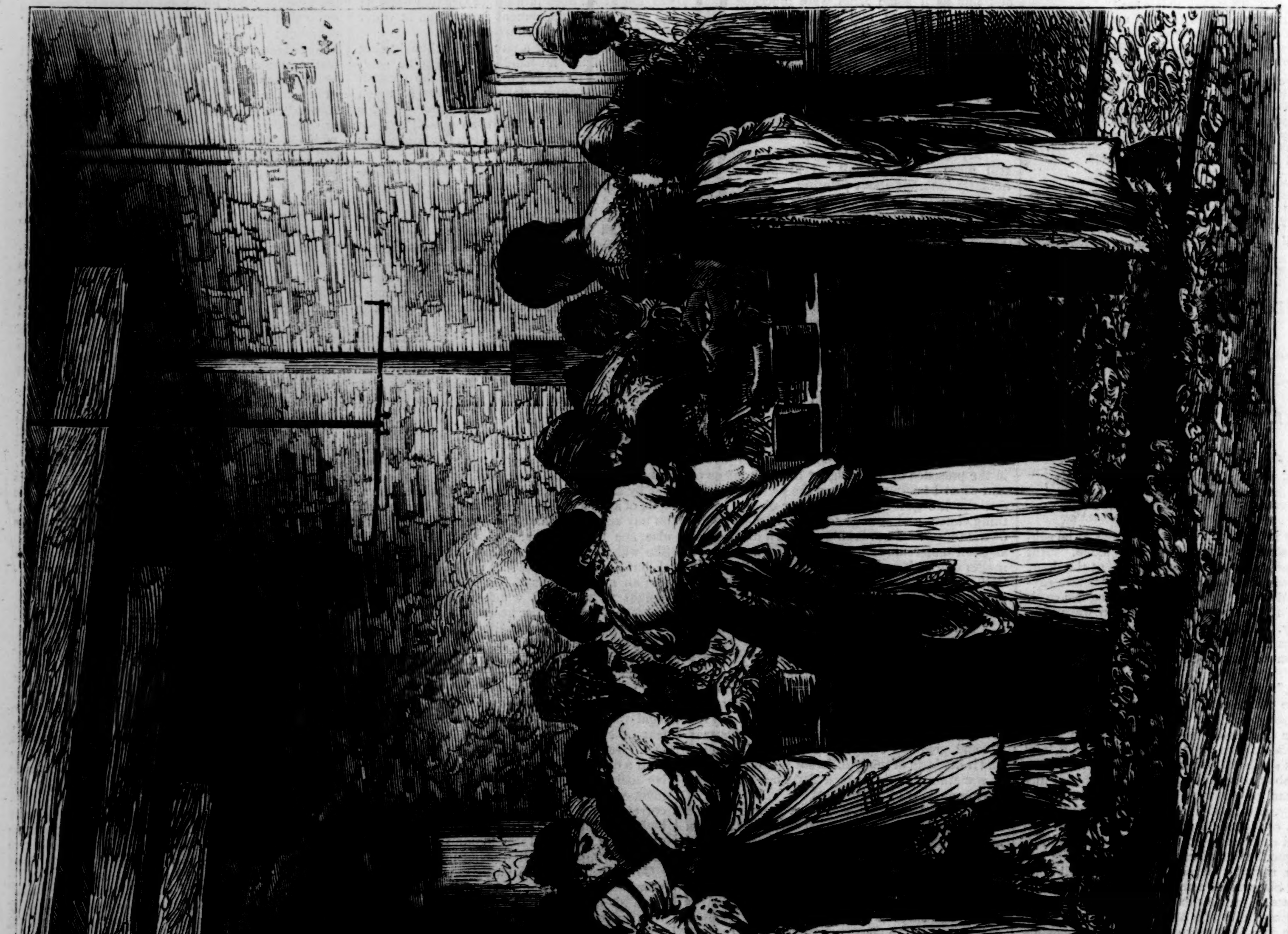
Old Dan Chancer was not a stranger to their virtues, for in Semproune's Tale he recites how much he appreciated shell-fish generally:

> "For many a mussle and many an *oistre,*
> Whan other men han ben ful wel at ese,
> Hath ben our food;"

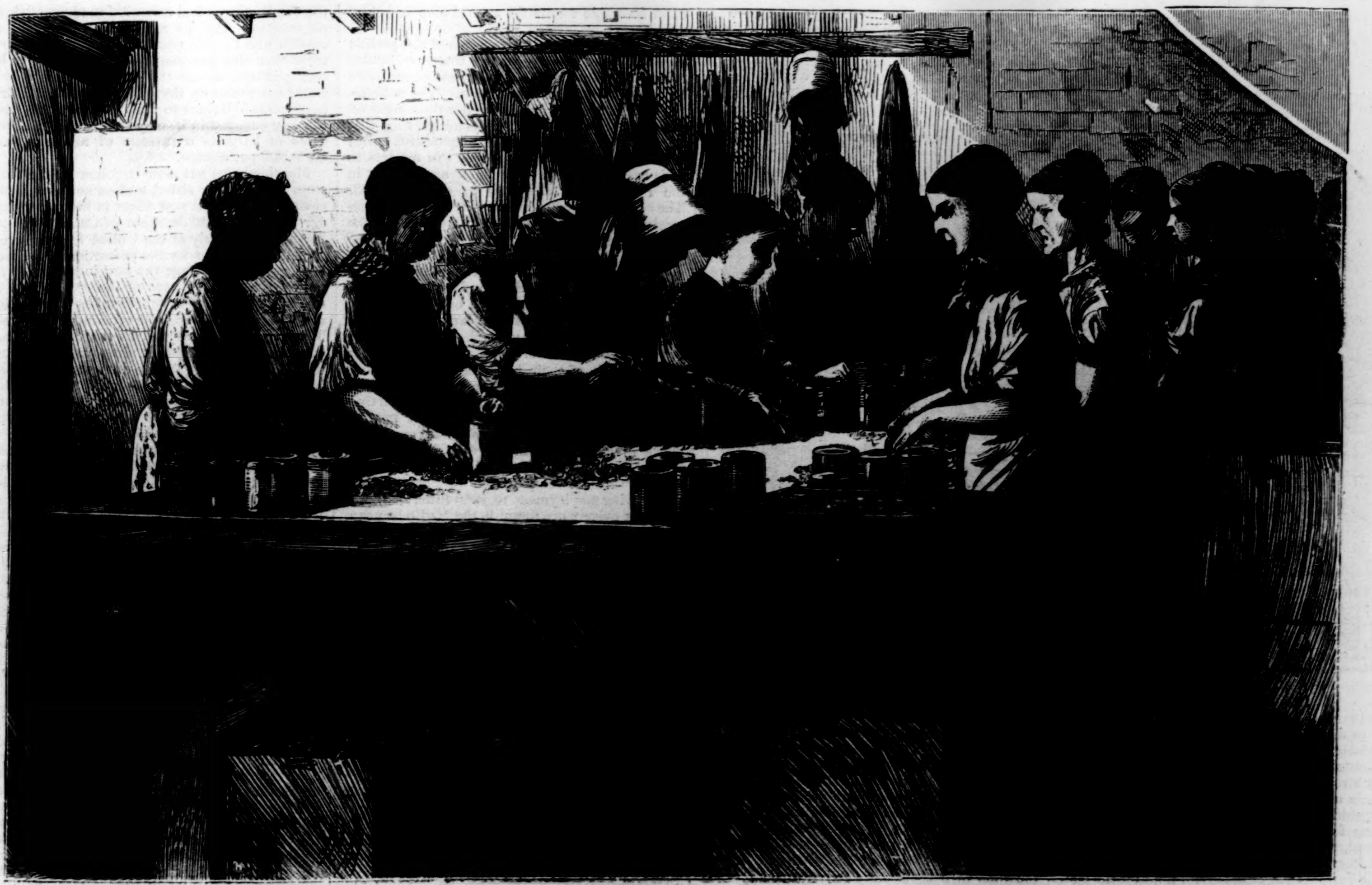
having reference to the occasional lark and oyster supper to which even the staid old laureate and his friends were addicted in the infancy of English verse. And Sir Thomas More closes a religious argument with these words: "Therefore hys similitude of grammer likened unto faith is no more lyke than an aple to an oyster." Browne, in "Britannia's Pastorals," gives a pleasing and poetical picture of the origin of the pearl, which should increase our admiration of that pure jewel:

> "The fair Nereides
> They came on shore and slily as they fell
> Convai'd each tear into an oyster-shell."

How should this alter our judgment of a tear!



MINE OYSTER—"SHUCKING."



MINE OYSTER—CANNING.

Though few mortals, perhaps, resemble the daughters of Nereus, the fiction that tears have crystallized into pearls creates an appreciation beyond price.

From Pliny we glean many interesting details as to the relative merits of the most esteemed oyster of that day, which indicates that "the oisters of Cyzicum, taken about the Streights of Gallipolis, be fairest of all others, and bigger than those which are fed or bred in the Lake Lucrinus." The poet Gay conceived rather an original idea of the gustatory organs of the first man who swallowed an oyster:

"The man had sure a palate covered o'er
With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore
First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
And risqued the living morsel down his throat."

Shakspeare puts into the mouth of one of his characters an expression which might at first seem strange and puzzling. On Falstaff's refusal to lend him money, Poins grows desperate, and exclaims, "Then the world is mine oistre, and I will open it with my sword;" alluding, no doubt, to the difficulty which experience teaches ever attends the pursuit of happiness and plenty, to which succeeded the consoling reflection in Poins's breast, that he at least with his sword would master it, be the obstacle or difficulty what it might. The accomplished author of the "Critic" volunteers the information that

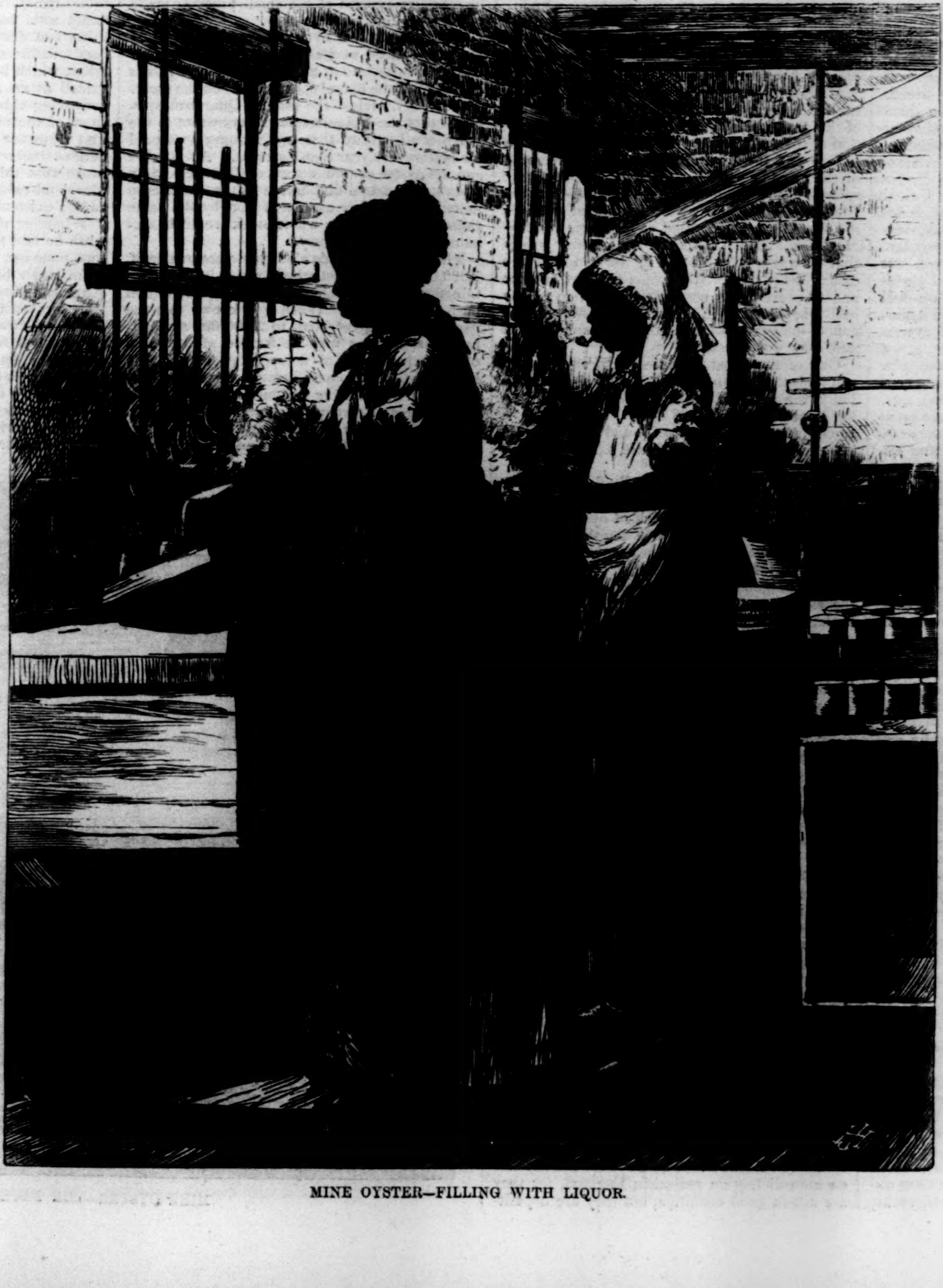
"An oyster may be crossed in love
Who says a whale's a bird."

While few will be so bold as to dispute the bird-like qualities of a whale, some will doubt the possibility of such amorous misadventure as regards the oyster, from the very nature of this interesting bivalve hereafter to be explained.

An American poet apostrophizes them as follows:

"Oysters! one needs the genius of a Shelley
To fitly hymn these treasures of the sea—
Salacious dabs of appetizing jelly,
Sources of epigastric ecstasy."

It was Burns who said that he envied an oyster because "it knew no wish and no fear;" but investigation proves that Scotia's glorious bard was mistaken in attributing to them immunity from "shocks that flesh is heir to."

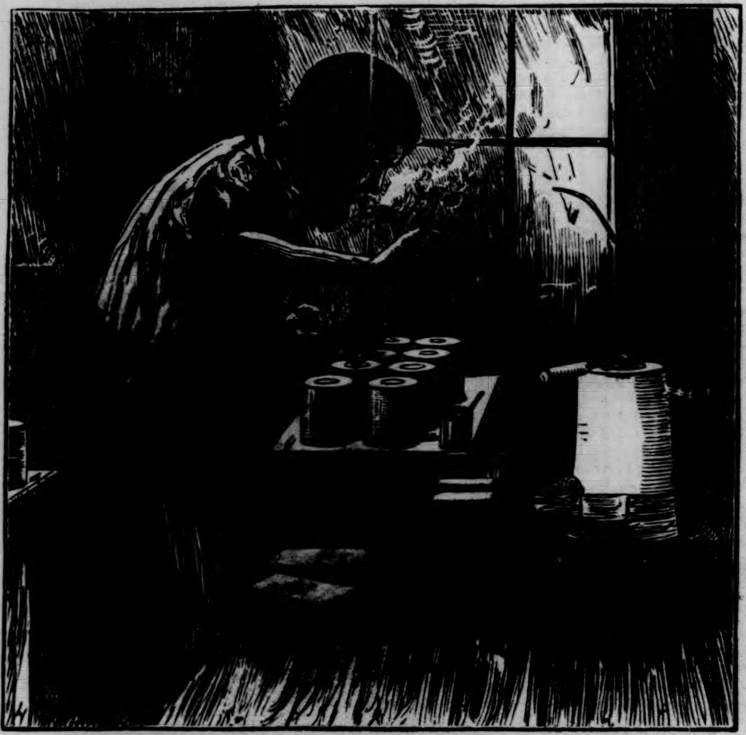


MINE OYSTER—FILLING WITH LIQUOR.

Alexander Pope was an oyster-eater of taste, and so was Dean Swift. Thomson, of the "Seasons," who loved all good things, appreciated a fine oyster. The learned Dr. Bentley could never pass an oyster shop without stopping to eat a few. The Scottish philosophers, too, of the last century—Hume, Dugald Stewart, Cullen, etc.—used frequently to indulge in the "whiskered pandours" of their day and generation.

In "Harvest of the Sea" (an English work which draws its most valuable information from foreign experience and French authorities) Mr. Bertram informs us that "oyster floys, as they are called, were frequently held in the quaint and dingy taverns of the old town of Edinburgh." These Edinburgh oyster taverns of olden time were usually situated *under-ground in the cellar floor;* and even in the course of the long winter evenings the carriages of the quality folks would be found rattling up to the door, and setting down fashionable ladies to partake of oysters and porter, plenteously but rudely served. What oysters have been to the intellect of Edinburgh in later times, who needs to be told who has heard of Christopher North, and read the "Noctes Ambrosianæ?" Doctor Baxter appears to have been of opinion that the Roman predilection for oysters was a sanitary one. "Living oysters," he says, "are endowed with the proper medicinal virtues; they nourish wonderfully, and solicit rest; for he who sups on oysters is wont on that night to sleep placidly; and to the valetudinarian afflicted with a weak stomach, oppressed with phlegm or bile, eight, ten, or twelve raw oysters in a morning, or one hour before dinner, is more healing than any drug or mixture that the apothecary can compound." The pontifical suppers in ancient Rome began with echini, or sea-eggs, and oysters.

Oysters are wonderfully nutritious and digestible, and are famous for their effect on the increased production of blood; and luxurious livers will be edified to learn that French physicians recommend them for gout. A distinguished actress once informed the writer that whenever her voice failed, or she was prostrated, nothing brought it back or revived her like a few raw oysters; and the reader who has tried the virtue of a dozen "Shrewsburys," "Cherrystones," or "Lynn Haven Bays," when suffering with an obstinate



MINE OYSTER—SOLDERING THE CANS.

cold or depressing influenza, will testify to their agreeable and efficacious medicinal properties.

Though not altogether teetotalers, they do not favor strong drinks. Light wines, malt liquors, and ale are the more proper and seasonable accompaniments. Port-wine is their uncompromising foe, turning them, as it is strongly expressed, to rocks.

History and experience abound in instances of the extraordinary capacity of man for the consumption of this bivalve. Professor Alexander D——, of Louisiana (well known as Assistant Secretary of War in the Confederate cabinet), on one occasion, prior to the late civil war, was invited to dine with a friend in Washington. On his way to dinner, in company with his host, the professor stopped at a restaurant to indulge in a "few raw" by way of appetizer. He soon got to work in earnest, and on reaching the *seventh dozen* he was remonstrated with by his friend, lest he might spoil his appetite for the good things yet in store; whereupon, in guttural tones peculiar to the man, the ponderous professor responded, "C——, don't trouble yourself; Alexander D—— knows his beast."

Adjoining Ford's old theatre (now the United States Medical Museum at Washington), is located the "Shakspeare Saloon"—a popular restaurant when that theatre was in its heyday. This ancient landmark, now in decadence, was once the scene of a remarkable wager and gustatory contest. One evening during the late civil war, while over their cups, a German and American began to boast of the quantity of oysters each could eat. This led to a challenge, and a wager was made to test the matter on the spot. In the course of the experiment these men consumed *seven bushels of oysters* (forty dozen), raw, fried, and stewed. Both contestants gave up at the same time, leaving *one oyster in the last stew.* They had spent three hours at table, and expended $7 50. After the experiment the German retired from the field, crossed the Potomac, and walked eight miles. The American went to bed and fell ill.

A practical writer, however, gives five or *six* dozen at a sitting as the number agreed upon by gourmands, except in times of great political and domestic excitement. What number would be appropriate during a Presidential canvass, or pending an exciting divorce suit, it would not be easy to say.

Delle Chiage believed that the oyster and mussel were poisonous in summer; this may be true of the mussel, but not so of the oyster, though no good result can be expected to follow their consumption when "in the milk."

But a question which more practically and nearly concerns the lover of this shell-fish, in America, is the preservation and improvement of our naturally well-stocked oyster beds; which are, to-day, by reason of improvident working and extravagant abuse, seriously threatened. Some remarks, then, touching the experience of older nations in this particular, and the remedies successfully applied by them, may not be without interest and profit to the general reader.

Oyster culture reached a high degree of perfection at a very early day among the Romans, as is proved by the fact of their cultivation in Lake Lucrin by one Sergius Aurata, who, according to contemporary authority, would not have been puzzled to make oysters grow on the house-tops. It will be remembered that the impetuous but devoted Hotspur turns suddenly upon Glendower on account of his boast that he could call spirits from the vasty deep. And he taunts him with the exclamation: "Why so can I; or so can any man: but will they come when you do call for them?" Little did he dream that the time was near when men would call oysters—if not spirits—from the vasty deep, and they will come, too. And this is done when the spawn is yet floating about in deep waters seeking a home, by planting fagots, rocks, branches, etc., in favorable localities. By this means (so sensitive is the gelatinous substance which constitutes the germ of many oysters) they may be attracted many miles, and across broad bays and rough channels, to protected havens. Lieutenant De Broca mentions as an extraordinary instance that some American oysters, which had been planted while yet spawn in the bay of Arcachon, on the coast of France, had at the time their shells were fully formed reached Bordeaux, a circuitous route by water distant 120 miles.

M. Coste (a distinguished French naturalist), in a report made to the emperor in 1858, attributed the decay of the French marine (and consequently the influence of France as a nation) in the decade succeeding the year 1850 *to the depletion and destruction of the oyster beds on the coast of France.*

M. Fraiche (a still later writer on the same subject), after referring to the rapid destruction of the native beds and the consequent appreciation of shell-fish, says: "But a result much more serious and threatening was the rapid decrease in the marine population, which was the only source from which to recruit sailors for the French navy." The evil was pointed out and the remedy was suggested at the same time by M. Coste. And it is due to the emperor to say that he was quick to place in the hands of the distinguished author the means to avert disaster and to prevent the complete exhaustion of the native beds. And in the space of a few months a new industry was created, and material for a new navy was raised up.

One of the latest novelties in French oyster culture is the introduction by Mademoiselle Sarah Felix, the sister of the late Madame Rachel, of the American horseshoe oyster. This lady is an enthusiastic ostreaculturist, and she has a suit of parks near Havre which are said to be very profitable.

Not only in France, but in England also, the same destructive working and improvidence had well-nigh exhausted the stock of oysters on the English coast, when English legislators determined to adopt the same measures which had been followed with so much success by their French neighbors. If, however, we rely upon the estimate of Mrs. Celia Logan Kellogg, who declares that the English oyster is about the size and has exactly the taste of an old American copper, the zeal of John Bull to preserve and propagate it is hardly justified. In 1858 the public banks on the coast of Ireland were represented as nearly exhausted by *over-dredging.* The same results had been produced on the coast of Scotland; and a special committee of the Town Council of Edinburgh, who made a report in 1864, declared "that the city's scalps, by the improper way in which they have been dredged, are at present nearly worthless." The men of New Haven, on the coast of Scotland, have become poor from the spoliation of their oyster beds, which were naturally the finest in the world. A large portion of the princely revenue of the Duke of Buccleuch springs from the oyster industry on the coast of Scotland, of which he is principal proprietor and patron.

Oyster culture is already carried on to some extent on the Portuguese coast under the supervision of a distinguished professor of the Polytechnic School in Lisbon. And invoices are regularly shipped from Lisbon to Bordeaux. A peculiarity of these oysters is that analysis shows them to possess an infinitesimal fraction of iodide of potassium, bromine, and bromide of potassium. They are highly recommended in cases of consumption, on account of the large proportion of iodine and bromine, the two great curatives for consumptive patients, and the two ingredients of cod-liver oil, for which they form a palatable and complete substitute. These oysters are not eaten immediately on arrival in England, for they are not in good condition, but they are deposited in favorable waters for several months before use.

The actual mode of propagation of this prolific shell-fish was for many years a matter of doubt, and much study and careful investigation were therefore directed to its solution. The authorities for a long time conflicted, but the weight of authority seems to settle it beyond question that the oyster is a genuine hermaphrodite. But the fact that mollusca produced *ova* appears to have been discovered by an anonymous writer in the *Philosophical Magazine* as early as 1603. The age of the oyster (which is indicated by successive and distinct ridges on the outside of the lower valve) is fixed at twenty years, but one year is sufficient to fatten this bivalve under favorable circumstances. In three years it is of a marketable size, and will reproduce its species.

Some idea may be gathered of the extent to which oyster culture has been carried in England from the fact that some years the Whitstable men have paid £30,000 for brood, in order to keep up the stock of their far-famed oysters, which owe their reputation almost entirely to improvement by cultivation. To show the productiveness of some French private beds, it may be stated that 35,000 oysters were taken in the space of an hour from the Plessix bed; and within a month or two after the opening of these beds upward of twenty million were brought into port, giving employment to 1200 fishermen.

Black oysters are found in the Mediterranean, and the oysters of the Italian coast generally are coppery. An oyster is caught on the coast of Oregon which possesses the peculiar flavor of the English oyster. The coast of California is to-day almost destitute of oysters, though there are evidences that at one time they were abundant. It is probable that the occasional earthquake of that region has been the principal cause of their disappearance.

And in the more favored Atlantic States we must look well to the care of our native beds, and learn how to plant the oyster judiciously, and to cultivate artificial preserves if we would retain this great source of luxury and revenue, which nature has so bountifully planted along our entire coast.

In 1862, not satisfied with their own efforts in this direction, the imperial government of France dispatched an officer of marine, Lieutenant De Broca, to this country, to investigate the culture of oysters as carried on here, and to examine our beds. On arrival in this country he was fortunate in meeting Professor Agassiz, who advised him as to the best mode of prosecuting his inquiries. He was struck with the great size and abundance as well as delicacy of the American oyster, but he was also amazed at the small progress made by us in oyster culture.

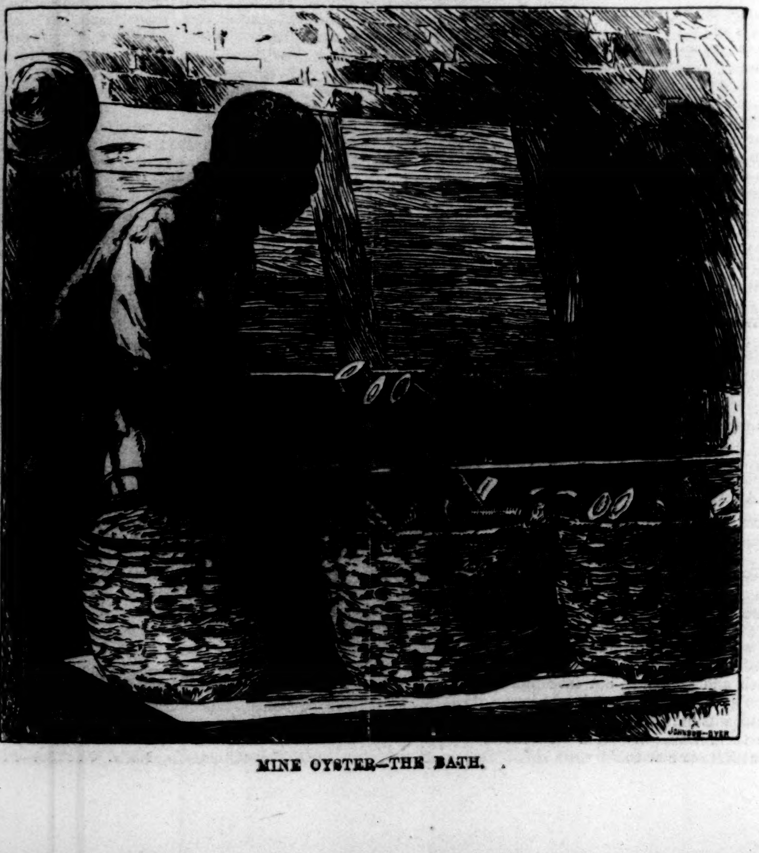
The value of the oyster trade of the United States is placed at $25,000,000 annually; that of New York alone at $8,000,000. And this is exclusive of the liberal consumption on the coast. In 1859 Mr. Meigs (the present Quartermaster-General of the United States army) wrote to the American Institute that more money was paid for oysters that year than for meat. A few years ago the oyster commissioners of Chesapeake Bay reported a gradual diminution in the oyster crop in ten years: they estimated that by the same rates of decrease the whole stock would be exhausted in half a century.

The State of Virginia alone possesses an area of 1,680,000 acres of oyster beds, which in 1858 contained, according to official estimate, 784,000,000 bushels of oysters. When it is known that the parent oyster gives birth to 2,000,000 spat annually, some idea may be formed of the value of these beds, and of the prolific character of this shell-fish. To ex-Governor Wise is due the credit of first calling serious attention to the great source of revenue in these beds, until then dormant; and the advanced and intelligent legislation of the Old Dominion on this subject is the result of practical attention to many of these suggestions. But for a long time political foes chaffed him for this seeming vagary, and during more than one campaign he was referred to by rival partisans as old "Oyster Fundum." It is stated on authority that the tax, without being in any way injurious to the trade, or oppressive to those engaged in it, may be made to yield the State of Virginia a revenue of not less than $200,000 per annum.

Maryland was not slow to follow in the footsteps of her older sister, and an active and efficient police force is now afloat in her waters under the intelligent direction of Captain Hunter Davidson (formerly of the United States navy), to enforce the laws for the protection of her rich beds, and to encourage the new industry of oyster culture. The extent of the oyster beds in this State is about 373 square miles, 92 of which are closely covered, and the remainder scattered. The private beds, as well as those public ones which are the richest, have already suffered from unlimited dredging; for the dredgers are not satisfied with using the dredge on open waters, but they continue, whenever they can escape the law, to dredge over the private beds, where the oyster has been improved by cultivation and labor.

In the State of Maryland alone 1000 boats (and reference is now made only to the vessels particularly adapted to the carrying trade, called pungies), averaging 23 tons each, employing at least $2,000,000 of capital, are engaged in this traffic. About 6000 laborers are engaged, whose wages will aggregate the sum of $1,800,000 annually. On this industry the State collects a revenue of $3 per ton from each boat. In addition to this force of dredgers, 2500 tongue-men, using as many boats, are engaged during the year in catching or transplanting oysters. These men pay the State $8 a year. As in Virginia, the dredgers are limited by law to certain localities, generally the open waters of the Chesapeake, and each boat is required to have a license, and to carry her registered number in a conspicuous place on her mainsail. A fine of $50 or $100 is the penalty for a violation of this law, and the owners are mulcted from $100 to $500 for dredging in forbidden waters. There are few more spirited sights than that presented by a fleet of pungies on the beautiful waters of the Chesapeake dredging for oysters; their white sails bellied out, and masts bending before them as they cleave the crested waves, make a pleasing picture, while the whistling wind, rattling cordage, and ringing dredge mingle with the song of the crew, which is chanted somewhat after the fashion of the recitative of an opera in a chorus not unmusical. Along the bay and its broad tributaries of the Eastern Shore are still found solid banks of oyster-shells twenty and thirty feet deep, in which are imbedded arrow-heads, feathers, beads, baskets, and other Indian relics, which indicate that the oyster was highly valued as an article of food by the aborigines occupying this favored region; and the water-front of the old plantation of Leonard Calvert, first Governor of Maryland, is broken by numberless similar formations, which would seem to prove that this bivalve was appreciated by the Maryland colonists during the days of their Arcadian existence.

Whatever charges of exaggeration may with truth be laid to our countrymen in other matters, none can be successfully maintained against them when boasting of our oysters. For the American horseshoe oyster, as the oyster of the Atlantic coast is called in distinction from the European dwarf, is beyond question the finest in flavor, most savory in taste, while it is by far the largest yet introduced to market. Different localities along our sea-board contest the honor of possessing the finest oyster, and the claimants are numerous; but a somewhat varied and extensive experience in this matter convinces the writer that for variety, flavor, and general excel-



MINE OYSTER—THE BATH.

lence, the Chesapeake oyster, like the diamond-back terrapin and canvas-back of the same favored region, stands unrivaled. But foreigners, and especially Englishmen, are very loath to admit our superiority even in this, or any other respect. And a friend who welcomed Thackeray to America in the autumn of 1852 tells of a rather formidable surprise he had prepared for the great lecturer and humorist. "In London," writes his friend, "he had been very curious in his inquiries about American oysters, as marvelous stories, which he did not believe, had been told him of their great size. We had taken care that the largest specimens to be procured should startle his unwonted vision when he came to the table; although I blush at the remembrance now, we apologized in our wicked waywardness to him for what we called the extreme *smallness* of the oysters, promising we would do better next time. Six bloated Falstaffian bivalves lay before him in their shells. I noticed that he gazed at them anxiously with fork upraised, then he whispered to me, with a look of anguish, 'How shall I do it?' I described to him the simple process by which the free-born citizens of America were accustomed to accomplish such a task. He seemed satisfied that the thing was feasible, selected the smallest one in the half dozen, and then bowed his head as if saying grace. All eyes were upon him to watch the effect of a new sensation in the person of a great British author. Opening his mouth very wide, he struggled for a moment, and then all was over. I shall never forget the comic look of despair he cast upon the other five over-occupied shells. I broke the perfect stillness by asking him how he felt. 'Profoundly grateful,' he gasped, 'and as if I had swallowed a little baby.'"

The illustrations given in connection with this article, which refer to the business of canning oysters, require but few words of explanation. On being brought to the docks from the beds, the oysters are loaded into small cars, which run on railways leading to the large canning establishments. Here they are half cooked by being plunged for a few seconds into boiling water, after which they are emptied upon long tables, as shown in the illustration entitled "Shucking," and there opened by women and children, who are paid so much per quart. The next process is filling the cans with oysters, and afterward pouring upon them the prepared oyster juice. The cans are then soldered up, and tested by being placed in a water bath. If the soldering is not perfect, the smallest defect will be disclosed by the escape of air-bubbles. After this test the cans are ready for the market.

MUSICAL PHENOMENA.

The perturbations in the natural effect of the music which come from the listener are numerous and perplexing. They proceed chiefly from association and memory. If one is by the death-bed of a friend, and a band passes in the street playing a cheerful tune, that tune will sound even more sadly than a really mournful air, which might serve at once to express and to relieve the deep heaviness of the heart. An unhappy girl, out of her mind for the loss of her lover, singing a merry song to herself in a mad-house, will make the joyous melody sound sad enough—sad as the raptures of an imprisoned sky-lark hanging caged in the London streets. On the other hand, a grave tune may, in like manner, be fairly perturbed out of all sobriety; and, as we have shown it is possible to pass from gay to grave in the lunatic asylum, so we may pass from grave to gay, in spite of our best intentions, upon hearing some well-known psalm-tune intoned through the nose by an ancient school-master in a country church, where the service resembles nothing so much as a pitched battle between the clergyman and the clerk in the presence of a silent congregation, and where the said school-master is, for some unintelligible reason, occasionally permitted to interrupt the duel with an extraordinary succession of sounds supposed to represent the 119th Psalm. In this case, however grave the melody may really be in itself, it will be undeniably perturbed by an unfortunate association of ideas at the moment when it reaches the ears of the judicious hearer.

The strangest phenomena of all connected with musical perturbation are to be found in alliance with memory: but musical sound is only one of many mediums which connect us vividly with the past. Scents have a remarkable power of recalling past scenes. Who has not got memories connected with ottar of roses or the perfume of violets? The peculiar combination of odors to be met with only in a steamboat cabin will recall to some many a disastrous passage across the British Channel. To a Londoner, the smell of a tan-yard or tallow manufactory will certainly be associated with those lines of railway running out of London over the roofs of serried houses overlooking certain odorous yards—instantly he may remember his holding his nose, or seizing the window-strap to pull up the window of the railway carriage. The odor of tar calls up many a watering-place in summer: we are on the pier in an instant, with some little child, perchance now grown up or dead; the fishing-smack lies alongside lazily, smoke issuing from a pot at the stern; a sailor sits with a pipe in his mouth, throwing vegetable parings into the black kettle for the nondescript mid-day meal; the hot sea beneath a blazing sun lies almost stagnant, waiting for the turn of the tide; the white cliffs glimmer along the coast—and all this flashes for a moment before the mind's eye as we chance to pass over a piece of asphalt pavement newly laid down, and smelling faintly of pitch.

The sight of a faded flower pressed in a book brings back, with a little shock of feeling, the hand that gathered it, or the distant hills upon which it once bloomed years ago. The touch of satin or velvet, or fine hair, is also capable of reviving the recollection of scenes, and places, and persons. But for freshness, and suddenness, and power over memory, all the senses must yield to the sense of hearing. Memory is the great perturber of musical meaning. When memory is concerned, music is no longer itself; it ceases to have any proper plane of feeling; it surrenders itself wholly, with all its rights, to memory, to be the patient, stern, and terrible exponent of that recording angel. What is it? Only a few trivial bars of an old piano-forte piece—"Murmures du Rhone," or "Pluie des Perles." The drawing-room window is open, the children are playing on the lawn, the warm morning air is charged with the scent of lilac blossom. Then the ring at the bell, the confusion in the hall, the girl at the piano stops, the door opens, and one is lifted in dying or dead. Years, years ago! but passing through the streets, a bar or two of the "Murmures du Rhone" brings the whole scene up before the girl, now no longer a girl, but a middle-aged woman, looking back to one fatal summer morning. The enthusiastic old men, who invariably turned up in force whenever poor Madame Grisi was advertised to sing in her last days, seemed always deeply affected. Yet it could hardly be at what they actually heard—no, the few notes recalled the most superb soprano of the age in her best days; recalled, also, the scenes of youth forever faded out, and the lights of youth quenched in the gray mists of the dull declining years. It was worth any money to hear even the hollow echo of a voice which had power to bring back, if only for a moment, the "tender grace of a day that was dead."

MEMORIES OF THE STAGE.

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* gives some very interesting pictures of English stage life and customs, drawn partly from personal reminiscence and partly from historical sources. Some of the latter are very curious. Here, for instance, is a picture from the time of Charles the Second, taken from Dr. Doran's "Their Majesties' Servants:" "In front of the house Nell Gwynne is seen prattling with the young fops, or lying across any two of them, that she may hold converse with a third; the wits are criticising the actors, or conversing with the vizards in the pit; ladies of quality and good character could then appear in masks unattended. Such ladies entered into struggles of wit with the fine gentlemen, bantering them unmercifully, calling them by their names, but refusing to reveal their own, the audience oftener listening to these disputes than to the actors, while fine gentlemen talked loudly with pretty orange girls as they combed their periwigs."

Every part of the theatre was open to the fine gentlemen. In the tiring-rooms of the actresses they passed the time between the acts, while the stage itself was the most fashionable part of the auditorium. Here crowded the gallants, at times in such numbers as to seriously impede the action of the play, not scrupling to address their conversation to the actresses, even in the most tragic scenes. In 1704 Queen Anne issued a decree forbidding the presence of the public upon the stage. But the rule was soon broken, and in 1732, at Covent Garden, ten shillings and sixpence was charged for a stage seat.

In the time of Dryden the performances commenced at three o'clock in the afternoon.

Our English ancestors seem to have been no more particular about desecrating their theatres with vulgar and inferior entertainments than we are ourselves. During the last years of the seventeenth century business so declined at Drury Lane that it was thought necessary to support it by the introduction of dancers, tumblers, strong men, and quadrupeds. When Betterton played Othello at the Haymarket, in 1709, a Mr. Higgins, a posture-master, gave performances *between the acts!* One night, about the middle of the last century, a notorious quack-doctress, Mrs. Mapp, headed the Drury Lane bill with her name, as patroness, and drew a crowded house, a song being sung in her honor between the pieces. About the same period it was announced that four Indian chiefs would visit the same theatre on a certain night. The house was crowded, but the chiefs, sitting quietly in their box, were not visible to the gallery. This raised the ire of the celestials, who declared that having paid their money to see the illustrious foreigners, the performance should not proceed until they did see them. The end of it was that the unfortunate chiefs were compelled to leave their box and seat themselves in a row upon the stage for general inspection.

One formidable abuse which disgraced English theatres from their first foundation until within the memory of many still living seems to have utterly disappeared. The writer alludes to the theatrical riot. Some of these disturbances were so famous in their time that they have become a matter of history. One of the earliest theatrical riots of which we have any record occurred on Shrove-Tuesday, in the year 1617, and was raised by those fire-brands of ancient London, the apprentices, who, in a spirit of, as far as we can learn, mere wanton mischief, attacked and almost entirely destroyed the cockpit theatre in Drury Lane.

But these disturbances were more frequently the work of the fine gentlemen, the bucks and bloods, than of the *canaille*. The theatre was frequently the scene of their perpetual brawls and duels. An angry word was usually the prologue to a sword thrust, and sometimes not finding sufficient room in the pit, the then resort of the gallants and wits—the Sedleys, the Etheriges, and the Buckinghams—the disputants would spring upon the stage in the midst of the performances, and fall to at cut-and-thrust with sometimes fatal effect. In 1679 some tipsy gentlemen rushed into Lincoln's Inn Theatre, with drawn swords and lighted torches, uttering cries against the Duchess of Portsmouth, who was present at the time, and extremely unpopular. They thrust at the audience, threw their torches upon the stage, and endeavored to fire the building. In 1721 a certain nobleman crossed the stage to speak to a gentleman who was on the opposite side, during the performance of "Macbeth," while the thane and his lady were upon the stage; Rich, the manager, was so indignant at this conduct that he forbade the delinquent to ever again appear behind the scenes. The answer to the interdiction was a blow in the face. Rich drew his sword, the actors supported him, and succeeded in driving the nobleman and his friends out of the theatre. But they soon returned, reinforced in numbers, entered the front of the house, smashed the mirrors and mouldings, and endeavored to set fire to the building. The military were called in, the rioters captured, and the house closed for a week. From that time a guard was appointed to attend at the patent theatres during the performance, a custom which has come down to the present day. In 1754 Garrick brought out a magnificent ballet pantomime, with French dancers. War having just before broken out with France, this engagement excited the indignant patriotism of the pit. A riot ensued; the boxes took part with the dancers; gentlemen, incited on by the ladies, drew their swords and leaped into the pit; the gallery shouted with delight, and pelted both parties; but the pit carried the day, and after smashing every thing breakable they could lay hands upon, proceeded in a body to Southampton Street and broke all the windows in Garrick's house. If in those days a quiet man ventured to differ in opinion with the bullies of the pit, they pulled his nose, and otherwise maltreated him; but they only grinned when the gentry in the boxes found it convenient to spit upon their heads.

Riots were occasionally brought about by the opposing claims of popular artistes. In 1704 the town was divided upon the merits of Cuzzoni and Faustina, two opera-singers, a difference of opinion which occasioned nightly disturbances at the Opera-house, much to the annoyance of neutral people, who came only to hear the singing. The one faction was headed by the Countess of Pembroke, the other by the Countess of Burlington and Lady Delaware, those ladies leading from their boxes the contending shrieks and hisses! More than half a century later, Macklin being dismissed by Fleetwood, the manager of Drury Lane, appealed to the town, and raised a body of partisans, who endeavored by nightly interruptions of the performance to compel his re-engagement. Fleetwood replied by hiring a body of professional pugilists, who pummeled the rioters into silence.

In 1810 the Giroux riots broke out at the Surrey, then under Elliston's management, in consequence of Miss Giroux, a favorite dancer, having been displaced by Miss Taylor, a rival Terpsichore. These riots were carried on through a number of nights. The appearance of either lady was the signal for a deafening uproar of cheers, applause, groans, and howls; Elliston was hissed and pelted off the stage when he attempted to address the audience; two public-houses in the neighborhood altered their signs to "Giroux" and "Taylor," and became the houses of call for the opposing factions; crowds waited nightly at the stage door to hiss or cheer each of the rivals as she entered the theatre; a song entitled "The Rival Queens" was sung at the Obelisk, in Blackfriars Road; hats bore impressions of G. and T., etc., etc. The affair ultimately came to a trial at Westminster, but it was arranged by an apology.

Although we must congratulate ourselves that we are able to visit the theatre without witnessing such scenes, yet with its mischievous propensities seems to have departed all the enthusiasm of the London audience. May not the inferior acting of the modern stage owe something to the frigidity of its patrons? Colley Cibber says: "Public approbation is the warm weather of the theatrical plant, which will soon bring it forward to whatever perfection nature has designed it." Excitement is the very breath of an actor's nostrils, and without applause there can be no excitement. Apathy is quickly communicated from the audience to the actor.

It is recorded that Barry's utterance of "Oh, look there!" in the "Earl of Essex," caused the critics to burst into tears, and then shake the house with their applause. Many wonderful stories are told of Mrs. Siddons's power over the emotions of her audience. It is said that when she played Jane Shore the men wept, the ladies sobbed and shrieked and fainted. During her performance of Mrs. Beverly, in the "Gamester," the pit used to yell at and curse and threaten the villain Stukely; while timid people, afraid of the excitement, would remain in the lobbies, and peer through the small windows of the box doors, content to watch the varying expressions of her countenance. At sanctimonious Edinburgh the General Assembly of the kirk was obliged to arrange its meetings with reference to her acting. Crowds would assemble round the theatre door at noon; after the play was over, servants would take up their position on the outside for the night, in order to be the first to secure places in the morning. Bannister, speaking of Mrs. Barry, the wife of silver-tongued Barry, not the *protégé* of Rochester, relates that he had seen half the pit start up at her "Is he alive?" of Lady Randolph.

This extreme sensitiveness was shared in an almost equal degree by the actors themselves. Mrs. Bellamy was so overcome by Woffington's acting as Jocasta, in "Œdipus," while playing Eurydice to her, that she fainted away upon the stage. Miss O'Neill was frequently carried off the stage senseless after the curtain had fallen upon her Isabella or Jane Shore. Mrs. Siddons, in "Tamerlane," fell back fainting, overcome by her own acting. So powerful was the effect of the elder Kean's acting in Sir Giles Overreach upon Mrs. Glover that she swooned before the audience.

Similar anecdotes are related of Master Betty and Garrick; when the latter left the stage Johnson said the gayety of the nation was eclipsed. His farewell, and that of Mrs. Siddons, were marked by such grief and frantic enthusiasm as we can form no conception of. We have none such *artistes* now to be enthusiastic about; but if we had, would they stir the cold blood of our modern play-goers? Unquestionably not.

Even the gallery has ceased to be deluded "by the cunning of the scene." What has become of the jovial sailor who used to spring upon the stage and pull out his prize-money to pay the hard-hearted creditor of some distressed heroine or aged man? Nobody now hisses Iago, nor warns Othello. Even the stout old lady in coal-scuttle bonnet, with gin-bottle and a basket of provisions sufficient to keep a family for a week, who used to threaten the "willan" with her umbrella, has scarcely a representative left. The very school-boy in the boxes looks *blasé*. The stage has lost its *reality*. This is largely owing to the influence of burlesque, which, not confining itself to the laudable purpose of exposing the absurdities of melodrama, has held up to ridicule every thing that is noble in poetry and exalted in sentiment.

SPANISH MANNERS.

Spanish manners are gradually changing; but enough remains to show their feudal type tinged with Orientalism. The regular Castilian grandee, the hidalgo of old days, whom Raleigh knew, was something between a pasha of the best Osmanli breed and Lord Herbert of Cherbury. He was grave and impassive, but he loved adventure; was ready to fight for his king or his mistress; and was punctilious in all that regards ceremony and courtesy. And, to this day, in districts quite remote from the Castiles, one still sees that a figure of this kind is the ideal upon which the manners of society have been formed. The unreality of the whole affair only reveals itself and suggests ludicrous emotions gradually. At first there is something imposing in a solemnity which seems raised above all that is little, and attractive in a politeness which places the house where you visit—*á la disposicion de Usted*—at the disposition of your worship or grace. "I kiss the feet of your grace, lady," says the gentleman. "I kiss the hand of your grace, cavalier," answers the lady. "*Guste Usted á comer?*" is the invitation to eat, given by every body, as he moves off to his meal, or, more briefly, "*Guste Usted?*" if it makes its appearance while you happen to be in the house. Even an old woman eating a sardine upon a bit of bread in her shop, makes the offer to a casual customer. So in smaller matters. A Spaniard raises his hat slightly on entering the waiting-room of the railway-station, and salutes the strangers whom he finds in a railway carriage. It is, perhaps, on paper, however, that the true Spanish ceremoniousness comes out best. A letter has B. S. M——, kisses his hands (the use of the third person, by-the-way, adds greatly to all these effects), even on the outside. And the style is that of a dispatch rather than of every-day concerns. Nothing is mentioned without some swelling epithet of praise. You read of "this cultivated and enlightened city"—a city where you may hunt all day in vain for a novel of George Sand's. A warehouse, as likely as not, is an *illustrious warehouse*, or a *renowned place of industry*. The biographer of a local worthy will talk of the elevated rank of his family, and in the next paragraph you find, most probably, that he was the son of a rather well-to-do apothecary.

We confess that we should relish Spain's high-flown courtesy better if the same men who are "at the feet" of women would learn not to stare brutally at them—sometimes, indeed, to speak to them—in the *Alamedas*, *Ramblas*, or *Plazas* of Spanish cities. As a rule, no young ladies can walk alone in such cities, and this is not merely a part of the semi-Oriental watchfulness exercised over them, but a practical precaution due to experience. What fruit the watchfulness, assisted by the confessional, bears in the after and married life of Spanish women let the well-known *mores* of Madrid tell. But to waive these too large and too delicate questions, and to return to Spanish manners in the lighter sense of the word, the reader must not fancy that the man who kisses his hands, on paper, will not thrust him to the wall (if big enough) should there be any thing like pressure at a railway, an opera, or a ball. The courtesy of the country is a courtesy of forms, holding good when the forms can be complied with easily and comfortably, but giving way under the least pressure of selfishness. We have seen ladies looking vainly for seats in a splendid café, glittering with mirrors and gilding, and frequented by the best society—the *sociedad elegante*. Not a swarthy *caballero* moved, but all remained smoking (and spitting) at their ease. Yet such men, knowing—literally—less about Europe than an educated Hindoo, would be sure to uphold Spanish manners as something unique. The truth is, that it is a mere delusion either that the manners of the grandees are equal to those of well-bred Americans, or that the general masses of Spain are more civil and agreeable than those of this country. The inflated bowing and complimenting style of "deportment" has a certain "high-life-below-stairs" character nowadays in Spain. It looks as if it were a bad imitation of the Oriental stateliness of the Moor, and the feudal pride of the Goth, by their horse-boys and valets. And it is based upon an assertion of self, closely connected with envy. Every body would like to be *hidalgo*, in order that nobody may be *hidalgo*.